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SHERE AFKUN

THE FIRST HUSBAND OF NOURMAHAL

A

LEGEND OF HINDOOSTAN

IN TWO PARTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

2496

16921
ac

"A Thunderbolt and the power of Kings are both dreadful! but the former expendeth its fury at once, whilst the latter is constantly falling upon our heads."—*Wilkins' Translation of the Heetopades.*

"This Lion-boy must die."—*Ferdosi.*

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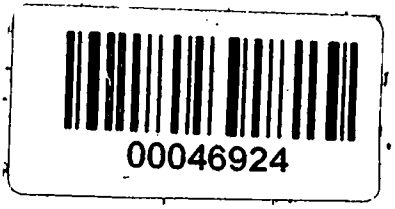
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PREFACE.

THE story which gave rise to the following Stanzas may be found in the third Volume of the History of Hindostan, translated by Alexander Dow from the Persian of Mahummud Casim Ferishta. The ingenious compilers of the Percy Anecdotes have, likewise, an abridged account of the wonderful exploits of Shere Afkun, evidently taken from the same work, and which I have been induced in some respects to follow, as seizing on the most poetical points of the story, and passing over those circumstances which would have added considerably more to the length, than to the interest, of the Poem. They will be found, however, in the Notes, with every other information I have been able to glean concern-

ing my Hero, his contemporaries, and the age he flourished in. It only remains for me to remark, that, as the various authorities I have consulted on this subject differ, not only in their accounts of the principal incidents, but also in their methods of spelling the names both of the places and persons alluded to*, I have taken the license usually allowed to rhymers, to select such as best suited my purposes and appeared to me most adapted for versification.

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* For instance, the Hero of the Poem is called by Dow, Shere Afkun; by the Benedictine Brothers, Shere *Afgun*; by Abul Fazel, who mentions him as a Munsubadar of two hundred, *Sheer Afken*; and by Sir Thomas Herbert, who gives an entirely different account of the circumstances, *Cheer Afenchawn.*

SHERE AFKUN.

PART I.

I.

Who has not heard of the deeds that were done
By the "Lion Conqueror," Shere Afkun?[1]
Noble, and handsome, and courteous, and free,
As the first of his Turcoman ancestry;
Daring, and dauntless, and mighty in war,
As the monarch he loved and served, Akbar.
Woe to the bravest, who strove to impede
The sweep of his sabre, the rush of his steed!
Woe to the coward—flight saved not the foe,
From the shot of his bundook,[2] the shaft of his bow.

Woe to the panther he roused in his path,
He would tear him, limb from limb, in his wrath!
Woe to the maiden on whom there fell
A glance of his eye—like a wizard's spell,
It would fix and fetter her youthful heart,
Till life with her hopeless love might part;
For the daughter of Aiass, the Kasaumon,[3]
Had the very soul of that Omrah won,[4]
And Mher-ul-Nissa, "of Women the Sun,"[5]
Was betroth'd to the conqueror, Shere Afkun.

II.

O, land of sunshine and of flowers!
Never around thy fairest bowers
Twined róse as sweet, shone beam as bright,
As she, of eastern maids the light,
The young, the beautiful, the dear,
The almost worshipp'd love of Shere.
Within thy mines burn'd not a gem,
Though worthy Akbar's diadem—

Waved not a palm thy kingdoms through,
The gracefullest that ever grew!—
Wanton'd no breeze, though ev'ry bloom
Thy gardens know, had lent perfume
To furnish its delicious sigh,—
That with her breath, her shape, her eye,
For splendor, beauty, fragrance, e'er
Comparison might truly bear:
Rajah or Khan had held it sweet
To die at Mher-ul-Nissa's feet
As on that river's brink 't would be,
By them believed a deity! [6]
Nay—never smile, nor lightly deem
The creature this of poet's dream,
Though all that poet ever feign'd
Of woman's charms to her pertain'd.
She lived—in annals still confess'd
The loveliest—Ah! why not the best?—
Of all the Houri-train, that e'er
Shone through thy paradise, Cashmere!

III.

And loved she?—O, 't were hard to say
A woman loves, where to obey
Is all the lesson taught, and death
Hangs on a haughty parent's breath;
Look'd on but as a soulless thing,
To wanton with, or careless fling
Aside, as passion's varying wave
Bids her be Sultaness or slave!
Yet she did love—if sparkling eye,
Which needed not the Kohol's dye,
And flushing cheek, when he drew near,
Betoken love—she *did* love Shere!
She *must* have loved, if manly form,
And heart as fearless as 't was warm,
And fairest fame, and lineage high,
Were ever worth a woman's sigh.
He, I have said, adored—nor he
Alone, but all the chivalry,

And rank, in Akbar's court that met:
Nobles of Iran,[8] Room,[9] Thibet,
All knew—all loved—but there was one,
Selim, the mighty Akbar's son—
His eldest son—apparent heir,
To all his father's kingdoms fair—
He loved her—but unlike the rest,
Who knew 't were hopeless to contest
A prize so rich with chief like Shere,—
He loved, and bade that love appear,
And knelt before his father's throne,
To ask that maiden for his own.

IV.

In his own city, Akbar-abad,[10]
High in the Am-kas,[11] and gorgeously clad,
Chain, and bracelet, and turban fold,
Dazzling with diamonds and gleaming with gold,
Princes around him, and nobles before,
Sat, on his musnud, the Emperor

Prostrate, with unslipper'd feet,
And forehead bent the earth to meet,[12]
As in profound humility,
While pride was flashing from his eye,
Lay Selim, and, in tone of ire,
Thus spoke his Sov'reign and his Sire.

V.

" No, by the Prophet !—never shall fame,
" Couple injustice with Akbar's name;
" Mher-ul-Nissa to Shere was given
" By a Father's hand in the face of Heaven.
" Troth is plighted, and promise spoken,
" Never by us shall the bond be broken;
" Son—be thy foolish flame forgot,
" And Aiass—let the nuptial knot—
" Mark ! 't is our will—this day be tied;
" Thy daughter is Shere Afkun's bride."

VI.

Years roll away, and ev'ry year
Comes fraught with happiness to Shere.
By Love, by Fame, by Fortune bless'd:
His monarch's ever welcome guest:
High station his in the Durbar;[13]
Honour in peace—command in war—
All that the heart or eye could charm,
Won by his wisdom and his arm!
Years roll away—what sound of wail
Is mingling with the musky gale?
Woe for the house of Gurgan![14]—woe!—
Woe for the race of Timour!—Low
In dust the nation's glory lies!—
Akbar is dead![15]—the just—the wise—
The valiant son of Humaioon—
Cold as the sculptured flow'rets strewn
O'er his snow white sarcophagus![16]
O Azrael, stern angel!—thus

Pass at thy bidding from the earth,
The mightiest who owe it birth,
Leaving to Time—a tomb—a name—
To crumble, and, perchance, defame![17]

VII.

Akbar is dead—his banner is furl'd—
His leaf hath fallen, wither'd and scar'd—[18]
And his Son hath mounted the throne of the world,
Selim, self-titled Jehaungeer.[19]
The Isar is over[20]—the Umbrella spread—[21]
The prayer repeated— the Khutba read.
In the pillar'd hall he hath sat him down;
Over him hangs his Father's crown:[22]
Hath he forgotten what he felt,
When at yon silver rail he knelt,
And heard, with burning cheek and brain,
That Father's angry mandate spoken,
And saw, of measureless disdain,
In Afkun's curling lip, the token?

Hath he forgotten how he rush'd
Into the open court for air,
While, from his scorching eyeballs, gush'd
The tears of passion and despair?
Unheard the drum's deep roll—the jar
Of cymbal, and the trumpet's blast—
Unseen, each Rajah's cymetar
Was lower'd as he hurried past:
What booted honour's empty shew
To him?—a blow—a stinging blow
Was given to his love—his pride,—
Selim had sued—and been denied.

VIII.

Hath he forgotten? Aye, the ire
Of youth is blasting as the fire
That flashes from the summer sky,
But vanisheth as rapidly;
And hope, the nurse of love, once gone,
The heart will rarely linger on

In joyless chains—again 't is free,
Or breaks—the lesser misery !
And all the pomp and pride of state,
And all the cares that on it wait,
Have, it may well be thought, combined
To banish wholly from his mind
Remembrance of that galling hour,
Or thirst for vengeance, now within his pow'r.

IX.

Amidst the nobles of the land,
Still in his place doth Afkun stand ;
And still, with ev'ry Omrah there,
His monarch's smile doth Afkun share ;
Nay, there be some who will maintain,
Of all the wise and warlike train,
Great Delhi's jewell'd Aurung near,[23]
That Selim smiles the most on Shere :
And when, upon his natal day,
The sacred scales their wealth display,[24]

And from his regal hands, in sport,
He scatters o'er the shouting court
The golden fruit—that glitt'ring show'r,
Is sure on Afkun most to pour.
'Tis true, sometimes across his brow,
E'en while his lips delight express,
Flit shades, that seem to disavow
Those words of joy and graciousness;
But then so soon 't is bright again,
You strive to trace their source in vain;
As often, o'er the sunny grass,
Shadows of clouds are seen to pass,
Though to the instant-lifted eye,
All cause of gloom hath fled the sky.

X.

The chase!—It is a noble sport!
Worthy a monarch and his court!
And, at the Emperor's command,
A high-born and a fearless band

Are met the Palace-gate before,
Forest and jungle to explore:
And gaily in the morning beam
Caparison and housing gleam
Of Arab steed and elephant,
Who eye their trappings rich, askant,
With look as pleased as e'er was bent
By maid, on festal ornament;
And turban deck'd with jewel rare,
And sparkling mokt,[25] and plumage fair,
And broider'd shawl, and silken sash,
Where diamond-hilted jemdhers flash,[26]
And weapons used in hunt or war,
Pike, matchlock, bow, and cymetar.
And yonder, mark, where, hawk on hand,
The Emperor's own huntsmen stand,
With hound in leash, and leopard tame,
Train'd like a hound to follow game.[27]
The spotted traitor!—proud to chase,
And deal destruction on his race,

His very brother brute!—a plan
First practised by his teacher—man!

XI.

'Tis pageantry and bustle all—
The grave salam, and jovial call
Mingle with neigh of steed, and bell
Of hooded falcon, beat of dhel,
And clash of tal, and kerna's din,[28]
As prince and peer come trooping in.
And now the weary scouts return,
With tidings all press near to learn;
"In Nidarbari's forest lies
"A tiger of enormous size;
"The terror of the country round!
"Unawed by herdsman or by hound,
"The largest oxen will he bear
"In triumph to his bloody lair;
"And woe to those who dare intrude
"Upon his fearful solitude!"

Short is the monarch's answer—" March ! "
And instant, through the lofty arch,
Which, o'er the entrance to that square,
Rears its stone battlements in air,
Defile the troop—while flourish loud,
And lengthen'd shout from scatt'ring crowd,
As forth the gallant hunters pour,
Shake mosque, and minaret, and tow'r ;
And scare the peacock strutting nigh,
Who answers with discordant cry,
Closes his starry train, and moves
Indignant to more peaceful groves.

XII.

And soon they cross'd the lovely lands,
'Mid which the Imperial city stands,
Whose gilded domes, alone discern'd,
Like stars in the blue distance burn'd ;
While the bright Jumna, far behind,
A silver thread appear'd to wind.

And on by jungle, swamp, and wood,
The noble band their course pursued,
Regardless of the meaner game,
That rose on ev'ry side,[29] or came
Within their carbine's shot—in vain
The wild hog fled the sugar cane;
Or, from their shady covert near,
Bounded the antelope and deer:
No hound was slipp'd, no bow was bent;
The troop, as if by one consent,
Press'd forward—forward—eager all,
To hail the forest tyrant's fall.
The elephant, to see them pass,
Stood, 'mid the tall and tufted grass,
Staring, and flapping his huge ears,
And, as he mark'd his late compeers
Slink, conscious of their burdens, by,
Trumpeted at them scornfully.[30]

XIII.

The forest is circled—on all sides they enter,
And move at a signal from each to the centre.
The tiger is roused, and his terrible roar
Strikes awe to the hearts that ne'er wavered before.
Why pauses the Monarch?—Fears *he* to advance?
Why casts he around him so hurried a glance?
He trembles—and yet in his eye there is fire—
And see—his lip quivers—perchance 't is with ire.
Yet what can have anger'd him? What is 't he seeks
With look so uncertain?—Be silent!—He speaks.

XIV.

" Who is there among ye here,
" That singly will attack yon brute?"
None answer—but each eye on Shere
In silence turns;—he, too, sits mute
And motionless upon his steed,
Nor speech nor look, appears to heed.

A moment's pause—can none be found?
Again the Emperor looks round;
And, sacrificing fear to shame,
Forth from the crowd three Omrahs break,
And kneeling, each prefers his claim
The perilous essay to make.

XV.

The pride of Afkun rose: his thought
Had been that all would shrink appall'd
From deed with so much danger fraught
And Jehaungeer on him have call'd,
As on the only chieftain there
Worthy such enterprize to dare;
But three had offer'd—three—and he
Had heard that challenge silently!
He!—Shere Afkun—whose very name
Implied an act of equal fame,
"The Lion Overthrower!"—He,
Who, for the line of Suffavee,

So well, so oft, had fought and bled,
When first to war by Ismael led;
And since, beneath great Akbar's eye,
For glory toil'd incessantly,
Until her wreath from all he bore,
On Sind's so often bloodstained shore!
One instant—and that prized renown
Had been for ever clouded;—down,
Like lightning, from his barb he sprung,
His bridle to a page he flung,
And to the nobles of Hindoostan
Thus spoke the gallant Turcoman.

XVI.

"Shame be upon him who meanly would deal
"Death to the tiger with powder or steel!
"Sinew, and muscle, and bone were given
"To man as well as to brute, by Heaven!
"And Allah hath granted to man beside,
"Reason—that sinew and bone to guide!

" Other weapons will *I* none—

" Who grapples the tiger before Afkun?"

XVII.

Proudly he smiled as roved his eye
Slowly around that company,
And mark'd, in every visage near,
Mingled astonishment and fear.
It met the Emperor's—'t was bright
With what almost appear'd delight,
And yet his speech alarm express'd—
" 'T is madness, Shere!—We do protest
" Against this folly.—What!—unmov'd?
" Remember—we have disapproved:
" Nay—since thou wilt—too daring man!
" But take at least thine ataghan!"—
" King—I have said." He whirl'd afar,
Shield, and dagger, and cymetar,
Discharged his demanik in air,
Call'd on the Prophet, and rush'd to the lair.

XVIII.

Then—then, through Selim's heart and brain
A thrill of joy,—almost to pain
Approaching,—like an arrow, shot!—
His state—the circling crowd—forgot—
Pride—prudence—all—absorb'd, o'erstepp'd
By one triumphant feeling,—swept
Like sand before the desart blast
Away—away. While others view'd
The fearful strife with look aghast,
High in his ambhary he stood,[31]
With outstretch'd arms and eager eyes,
And lips apart, as one who tries
To catch, the bounding billows o'er,
The first glimpse of his native shore;
And never did the exile sigh,
That precious headland to espy,
As Selim panted to behold
The death-gasp of that Omrah bold!

XIX.

Revenge!—Thou art a passion!—None
That make the human breast their throne
Deserve that mighty name so well
As thou, the most unquenchable—
The keenest—deadliest—longest lived;
Of all combined, from all derived,
And sternly immolating all,
To crown thy horrid festival!
Blinding as Love, and Hate, and Rage—
Strengthening, like Avarice, with age—
Clinging, like Hope, through pain and strife,
And parting scarce with parting life.
Once summon'd from thy native hell,
Within the rankling heart to dwell,
Like fiend evoked by wizzard brood,
Propitiated but by blood,
Thy wild incessant cravings spur
From crime to crime thy worshipper,

Until, with hand incarnadine,
He offer at thy Moloch shrine
The human sacrifice,—or die,
The victim and the votary!

XX.

And long had Selim's bosom nursed
In secrecy that guest accurst;
Nor years, nor cares of state, nor aught
That changeth mortal minds, had wrought
The slightest change in his, unless
It were increase of bitterness
Against the unsuspecting Shere;
But well he knew the bright career
That enterprising Chief had run
The hearts of high and low had won;
And, all despotic as he stood,
Uncertain were an open feud
With one so arm'd on ev'ry side,
The nation's Paladin and pride!

And therefore still he spoke him fair,
And still a smiling face would wear;
Watching the while with anxious eye
For some dear opportunity,
To lead him, by his love of fame,
To death—or worse than death—to shame!

XXI.

The moment came; the snare was set,
And ne'er did brain a scheme beget
Blacker or baser, to o'erthrow
A trusting friend or noble foe.
Rightly he judged the soul of Shere,
That Chief he knew would never hear
Such challenge given, and see the prize
Of glory snatch'd before his eyes
By mortal arm—while limb and life
Were his to venture in the strife;
And scarce could he his joy restrain
Sufficiently regret to feign,

When at his feet the brave Ameer
Claim'd as a boon of Jehaungeer,
What, though with half his empire bought,
That Monarch had to grant him sought.
—And it is granted—and they stand,
In sight of all that awe-struck band,
Tiger and man, in struggle dread :[32]
Woe !—woe unto the vanquished !

XXII.

The tiger's fangs are in the side,
Of Shere—his grasp is on the throat
Of the huge beast ; and, from its wide
Distended jaws and nostrils, float
Alternate blood and foam ; his hold,
Unshrinking still, the Chieftain keeps ;
And now, amid the red grass roll'd,
Upon the monster's chest he leaps ;
Who fastens with a roar, afresh,
Its talons in the quiv'ring flesh--

But all in vain, for crashing bone
And gushing gore the pressure own
Of the well-knit, firm planted knee;
And, while it struggles to be free
With lolling tongue, the warrior rends
The horrid trophy with a shout,
From the dark gulph, that with it sends
A black and boiling torrent out,
Which, streaming down the glossy hide,
Chequers each sable stripe of pride,
And blots the furry snows that vest
That beautiful but ruthless breast!
—One desp'rate effort more—its claws
Are in the shoulders deeply fix'd
Of its stern foe, who ne'er withdraws
His fatal gripe, though intermix'd
The fountains of their lives are flowing,
'Till growl, and gasp, still fainter growing,
And glazing eye, and stiff'ning limb,
And the set teeth, so white and grim,

And clutch relaxing but to die—
Proclaim the Omrah's victory!
Then, shaking off the powerless paws,
Up starts the Turcoman, and draws
The carcase tow'rds the hunter throng,
Who, as he trails its length along,
Shrink backward—fearing e'en to see
In death so dread an enemy!
And with a smile, that marks his scorn
For such compeers—though breathless, torn,
And bleeding fast from ev'ry pore,
He drags it to the Emperor;
Stands for an instant's space astride it,
Bows to the Monarch—and sinks beside it!

NOTES TO PART I.

[1] "*The Lion Conqueror, Shere Afkun.*"

"Born of noble parents in Turcomania, he had spent his youth in Persia, and had served with uncommon renown, Shaw Ismaël, the third of the Sufvi line; his original name was Asta Jillo,* but having killed a Lion, he was dignified with the title of Shere Afkun or "the overthrower of the Lion;" under the latter title he became famous in India. In the wars of the Emperor Akbar, he had served with great reputation; he had distinguished himself in a particular manner under Chan Chanan at the taking of Sind by exhibiting prodigies of personal strength and valour. Preferments had been heaped upon him, and he was highly esteemed at court during the life of Akbar, who loved in others that daring intrepidity for which he himself was renowned."—*Dow.*

[2] "*From the shot of his bundook.*"

A matchlock; the fire-arm generally used at that early period in India.

*A MS. in the possession of the Honourable East India Company states his name to have been Ali Kouli Reg; that he was originally a waiter at the court of Ismael, the third of the Suffavean dynasty, and received his title of Shere Afkun from the Sultan Selifh, afterwards Jehaungeer, during that prince's expedition into the Deckan.

"The smallest bundooks that are made are two spans long and the largest near two ells; that of one ell and a quarter is called demanik and its stock is made differently from the others. Some are made to fire without a match, merely by giving a little motion to the trigger."—*Ayeen Akbery.*

3 "*Aiass the Kasaumon.*"

Kasaumon signifies according to some authors "High Treasurer," others styled him "Actimad-ul-dowla," and Sir Thomas Roe, Sir Thomas Herbert, and one or two more of the earliest, "Etiman" or "Entimon Dowlet:" I have chosen the former title, as being the most adapted to versification. The story of Aiass is told at some length by Dow in his History of Hindostan; the following extract, however, will be sufficiently explanatory for my present purpose.

"Chaja Aiass, a native of Western Tartary left that country to push his fortune in Hindostan.....The Emperor Akbar at that period kept his court at Lahor. Asiph Chan, one of that monarch's principal Omrahs, attended then the presence; he was a distant relation of Aiass, and he received him with attention and friendship. To employ him he made him his secretary: Aiass soon recommended himself to Asiph in that station, and by some accident his diligence and ability attracted the notice of the Emperor, who raised him to the command of a thousand horse. He became in process of time Master of the Household, and his genius, being still greater than his good fortune, he raised himself to the office and title of Actimâd-ul-dowla, or high treasurer of the Empire. He died A. D. 1618, full of honours and full of years. A magnificent fabric still retains in Agra the name of Actimâd-ul-Dowla."—*Dow.*

4 " *Had the very soul of that Omrah won.*"

Omrah is a title given to all the nobility of the first rank in the Mogul Empire and in Tartary.

5 " *Mher-ul-Nissa 'of Women the Sun.'* "

" She had some right to the appellation, for in beauty she excelled all the ladies of the East. She was educated with the utmost care and attention ; in music, in dancing, in poetry, in painting, she had no equal among her sex. Her disposition was volatile, her wit lively and satirical, her spirit lofty and uncontrouled."—*Dow.*

6 " *As on that river's brink 't would be,*
By them believed a deity."

" A entendre les Indiens, le Gange est une rivière sainte, dont la vertu propre est d'effacer les péchés. *Ceux qui sont assez heureux que de mourir sur ses bords* non seulement sont exempts des peines que merite une vie criminelle, mais ils sont admis dans une region delicieuse, où ils demeurent jusqu'à une nouvelle rénaissance."

Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses.

7 " *Look'd on but as a soulless thing.*"

The degraded situation of females throughout the Mohammedan nations will almost warrant the above expression, though the ridiculous belief originated by the Prophet's answer to the old Woman concerning her admission into Paradise, has been long since exploded.

8 "*Iran.*"

Persia.—"Iran has from the most ancient times to the present day been the term by which the Persians call their country."—*Sir J. Malcolm.*

9 "*Room.*"

Turkey; so called from its having been part of the Roman Empire.

"It is remarkable that the Eastern nations call the Ottomans, Romans, to this day: Rumi is likewise used for Natolia."—*Dow.*

10 "*In his own city, Akbar-abad.*"

Agra; so called by its imperial founder, who determined to make it the envy and wonder of the East; and, to bury its former appellation and obscurity in equal oblivion, gave his own name to the rising capital.

"In former times," says Abul Fazel, "Agra was a village dependant upon Byanch, where Sultan Secunder Lowdy kept his court. Here his majesty has founded a most magnificent city."

Tavernier, who visited Agra in the decline of its glory, surveyed the inside of its splendid palace; and, among other proofs of its magnificence, makes particular mention of a lattice-work of emerald and rubies, intended to represent grapes when they are green, and when they begin to grow red. But this design, which made such a noise in the world, and required more riches than all the world could afford to perfect, still remains unfinished, there being only three stocks of a vine in gold, with their leaves as the rest ought to have been, enamelled according to their na-

tural colours, with emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, wrought into the fashion of grapes.

11 "*High in the Amkas,*" &c.

"After all these apartments we come at length to the Amkas, which is something very royal. . . . . Over against the great gate of the court, upon which is the Nagar-Kanay, beyond the whole court, there is a great and stately hall, with many ranks of pillars, high raised, very airy, open on three sides, looking into the court, and having its pillars and grounds painted and gilded. In the midst of the wall, which separateth this hall from the seraglio, there is an opening, or kind of great window, high and large, and so high that a man cannot reach to it from below with his hand: *there it is where the King appears seated on his throne, having his sons on his sides,* and some eunuchs standing, some of which drive away the flies with peacocks' tails; others fan him with great fans; others standing there ready with great respect and humility for several services. *Thence he seeth beneath him all the Omrahs, Rajahs, and Ambassadors,* who are also all of them standing upon a raised ground, encompassed with silver rails, with their eyes downwards and their hands crossing their stomachs: somewhat farther off he seeth the Mansebdars, or lesser Omrahs, which are also standing in the same posture and respect as the Omrahs do; and somewhat farther off, in the remaining part of the hall, and in the court, he seeth a great crowd of all sorts of people. For there it is where the king every day about noon giveth a general audience to all; which is the reason that this great hall is called Am-kas; that is, Place of Audience, or a place of meeting common to great and small."—*Bernier.*

"The Mogul himself was sitting cross-legged on a little throne, all covered with diamonds, pearls, and rubies..... On his head he wore a turban, with a plume of heron's feathers, not many, but long. On one side hung a ruby unset, as big as a walnut; on the other side a diamond as large; in the middle, an emerald like a heart, much bigger. His staff was wound about with a chain of great pearl, rubies, and diamonds drilled. About his neck he wore a chain of three strings of most excellent pearl, the largest I ever saw; above his elbows armlets, set with diamonds, and on his wrists three rows of several sorts; his hands bare, but on almost every finger a ring. His coat of cloth of gold without sleeves, upon a fine semain, as thin as lawn. On his feet a pair of buskins embroidered with pearl, the toes sharp and turning up."—*Sir Thomas Roe.*

12 "*And forehead bent the earth to meet.*"

This mode of saluting the Emperor was called the Sijdah, and was partially done away with during his reign, and the ceremony of the Koornish, or Tusleem, observed instead. "Ignorant and ill-disposed people (says Abul Fazel) viewing this action (the Sijdah) in the light of an impious adoration, his majesty ordered it to be discontinued." On particular occasions, however, he afterwards remarks, it was still customary "*to bow down their foreheads to the earth.*"

13 "*High station his in the Durbar.*"

"This passage brought us to a third gate, wherin wee entered into a third pallace or pleasant prospect, for in the midst of it there was a very faire pavement of marble . . .

square, of the largeness of . . . yardes every way, and railed some three foot and a halfe higher than the ground that was on the outsides of it: it was likewise delicately rayled about, and in the midst of it there was a faire arched place roofed, into whose entrance was an ascent of foure steps high, and all the roomes in it were spread or overlaid on the floore with rich carpets exceeding costly.

"The space between the outwarde railes and these roomes was about 30 foote, and the length 80 foote on the one side, but on the other side there was a faire tanke of water. This place they call the Derbar (or place of Counsell) where law and justice are administer'd according to the custome of the country. And it was likewise adorn'd and beautified with very pleasant trees and flowers, and bankes about them, with gutters between the bankes, in which gutters water passes for the cooling and watering of them, and the water proceeded from the tanke afore mentioned."

William Bruton's Newes from the East Indies, 1638.

14 "*Woe for the House of Gurgan!*"

"This is the common appellation of the house of Timour."— *Sir J. Malcolm.*

15 "*Akbar is dead.*"

"The Emperor Jilaledeen Mahommed Akber was the sixth in descent from Timur, known in Europe by the name of Tamerlane. He was born at Amerkote in A. D. 1542, was proclaimed Emperor in 1556, being then thirteen Solar years and four months old; and he died at Agra in 1605, aged 63 years and one day, having reigned forty-nine years

eight months and one day.—His body lies interred in a magnificent mausoleum in the Cemetery of Secundra near that city."—*Gladwin.*

16 "*Cold as the sculptured flow'rets strewn,*
O'er his snow white sarcophagus!"

"Here is a small sarcophagus of white marble. Natural in form, and naturally strewn, are the pale flowers which lie thickly scattered on it: for whom the sculptor scattered them, five small and beautifully formed letters declare. 'Acbar' you read, and read no more."—*Sketches of India, by an Officer.*

17 "*And, perchance, defame.*"

Even the reputation of Akbar is sullied by some of his historians, who declare that his death was occasioned by his swallowing, through mistake, some poison prepared by his own order for the removal of an obnoxious Omrah.

18 "*His leaf hath fallen—wither'd and sear!*"

"The means whereby he (the angel of Death) understandeth when the thread of each individual life is run out and expired, is to look upon the branches of that vast tree thou there beholdest, upon the leaves whereof are written the names of all mortals, every one having his peculiar leaf: then forty days before the time of any person's life is expired, *his respective leaf beginning to fade, wither, and grow dry, and the letters of his name to disappear, at the end of the fortieth day they are quite blotted out, and the leaf falleth to the ground,* by which Azrael certainly knoweth that the breath of its owner is ready to leave the body, and hasteneth away to take possession of the departing soul."—*Rabadan.*

19 "*Selim self-titled Jehaungeer.*"

"When Selim took the reins of government into his hands, he assumed the titles of Noor-ul-dien Mahommed Jehangire, or Mahommed the Light of the Faith and Conqueror of the World. He dated the commencement of his reign from the 20th of the 2nd Jemmâd 1014, which answers to the 21st of October 1605, being then in the 37th year of his age."—*Dow.*

20 "*The Isar is over.*"

"The Isar, or Tessiduck, is a ceremony used upon the accession of a prince to the throne: the Omrahs running three times round the King, waving an offering of money in a charger three times over the monarch's head."—*Dow.*

21 ——— "*The umbrella spread—*
The prayer repeated—the Khutba read."

"When a Prince is for the first time seated upon the throne with the royal umbrella over his head, the Omrahs according to their dignity, are ranged in two lines before, one upon his right, the other to his left hand. A herald then proclaims his titles, and the Omrahs, each in his station, advance with an offering in gold, which he himself receives. The superintendant of the kitchen brings then a golden salver, with bread, confections, and other eatables, over which the King, joined by the whole court, repeats a form of grace; and then he eats a little and distributes the remainder with his own hand among the nobility. This latter is an ancient Mogul ceremony, introduced by the family of Timur. The Emperor mounts then his state Elephant, and, attended by all the Court, moves slowly towards the great Musgid, throw-

ing, as he advances, gold, silver, precious stones, and pearls, among the populace. In the Musgid he repeats a prayer, and afterwards divine service is performed by the Sidder-ul-Suddûr or the Metropolitan of Delhi. The Chutba, or genealogy and titles of the King, is then read, and he returns to the palace with the same magnificence and pomp."—*Dow.*

[22] "*Over him hangs his Father's crown.*"

"The Mogul Emperors are never crowned: but upon some festivals they sit in state, under a large golden crown, which is so suspended by a chain to the roof of the Presence-chamber, and serves for the purpose of a canopy."—*Dow.*

Should it be remarked that lines 897 and 8 of this Poem are in contradiction to the above statement, it may not be amiss to notice that there have been exceptions to the custom; according to D'Herbelot, Radhiataldin, or Radhiateddin, sister of Firouz Schah, raised to the throne of Delhi after the deposition of her brother, "*portoit ordinairement la 'Tag' ou la Couronne en teste, &c.*"

[23] "*Great Delhi's jewell'd Aurung near.*"

Jehaungeer ascended the throne at Agra, but at this period kept his court at Delhi.—*See Dow's Hindostan.* "The Aurung or Throne is made of several forms; some are inlaid with precious stones, and others are of gold and silver."—*Ayeen Akbery.*

[24] "*And when, upon his natal day,*
The sacred scales their wealth display," *&c.*

"The 1st of September being the King's birth-day, and of the solemnity of weighing him, I was conducted into a fine

garden, where, besides others, there was a great square pond with trees set about it, and in the midst a pavillion, or tent, under which were the scales the King was to be weighed in. The scales were of beaten gold, set with small stones, rubies, and turkoises; they hung by chains of gold, and for more surety there were silk ropes. The beam was covered with plates of gold. The great lords of the nation sat about the throne on rich carpets, expecting the King's coming out. At length he appeared, covered with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. He had several strings of them about his neck, arms, wrists, and turban, and two or three rings on every finger. His sword, buckler, and throne were also covered with precious stones. Among the rest I saw rubies as big as walnuts, and pearls of a prodigious magnitude. He got into one of the scales, sitting on his legs like a tailor. Into the other scale, to weigh against him, were put several parcels which they changed six times. The country people told me they were full of silver, and that the King weighed that day 9000 roupies. Then they put into the same scale gold and precious stones; but, being packed up, I saw them not. After that he was weighed against cloth of gold, silks, calicoes, spices, and all other sorts of precious commodities, if we may believe the natives; for all those things were packed up. Lastly, he was weighed against honey, butter, and corn; and I was informed that all was to be distributed among the Banians: but I think that distribution was not made, and all these things were carefully carried back. They told me all the money was kept for the poor, the King using to cause some to be brought at night, and to distribute that money among them very charitably. Whilst the King was in one of the scales, he looked upon me and smiled, but said never a

word, perhaps because he did not see my interpreter, who could not get in with me. After being weighed, he ascended the throne. Before him there were basons full of almonds, nuts, and all sorts of fruit artificially made in silver. He threw about a great part of them; the greatest noblemen about him scrambled for them. I thought it not decent to do so; and the King observing it, took up one of the basons, which was almost full, and poured it out into my cloak. His courtiers had the impudence to thrust in their hands so greedily, had I not prevented them, they had not left me one. Before I came in they had told me those fruits were of massive gold; but I found by experience they were only silver, and so light, that a thousand of them do not weigh the value of 20*l*. I saved the value of ten or twelve crowns, and those would have filled a large dish. I keep them to shew the vanity of those people. I do not believe the King that day threw away much above the value of 100*l*. After this solemnity, the King spent all the night a-drinking with his nobles," &c. &c.—*Sir Thomas Roe.*

"This Magor (i. e. Mogul) doth every yeare weigh himselfe in a ballance made for the purpose; first he weigheth himself with waights of siluer, next he weigheth himselfe with waights of gold, and lastly with jewels and precious stones: his waight of silver and gold he giveth away liberally at his pleasure. After he is weighed he mounteth his throne, and then he throweth amongst the standers-by a great quantitie of silver and gold made hollow like to the form of nutmegs and other spices which his country doth afford. These ceremonies being ended, then he beginneth to carouze and largely to drinke with his nobles till they all be

drunke. The scales with which he is weighed are all of massy gold richly beset with precious stones."—*A true relation without exception of strange and admirable accidents which lately happened in the kingdom of the Great Magor, or Mogull, &c. 4to. London, 1662, printed by J. D. for Thomas Archer.*

25 ——— "*And sparkling mokl.*"

"The gold tassel or fringe that hangs out of the Turban."

Ayeen Akbery.

26——"*Where diamond-hilted jemdhers flash.*"

"The jemdher is a peculiar kind of dagger."

Ayeen Akbery.

27———"*And leopard tame,*
Train'd like a hound to follow game."

The following mention is made of the tame Yuz, or leopard, in the Ayeen Akbery:—

"Formerly it required two or three months to tame the Yuz sufficiently to set him loose after game; but now, by the attention of his Majesty,* it is effected in eighteen days. Sometimes he trains them himself. What is very astonishing, it once happened, that a new-caught Yuz hunted immediately upon his signifying his pleasure to it, and seized the game like one who had been trained. On this occasion the eyes of many were opened, and they believed in his supernatural endowments. He had also a Yuz, who used to follow him without a collar or chain, and was as sensible and obedient as a human being."

* The Emperor Akbar

[28] ——— "*Beat of dhol,*
And clash of tal, and kerna's din."

"Dehl, a kind of drum.—Tal, a pair of brass cups, with broad mouths.—Kerna, a trumpet."—*Ayeen Akbery.*

[29] "*Regardless of the meaner game*
That rose on ev'ry side," &c.

"In the neighbouring places to Agra and Delhi, along the river Gemna, as far as to the mountains, and even on both sides of the highway to Lahor, there is abundance of untilled lands, *some of copsewood, and some of grass, above a man's height:* in all these places there are great numbers of guards incessantly roving up and down, and hindering all other people from hunting except partridges, quails, and hares, which the Indians know to take with nets; so that every where in those places *there is very great store of all kind of game.*"

Bernier.

[30] "*The elephant, to see them pass,*
Stood 'mid the tall and tufted grass," &c.

"*The wild elephant got up out of some long grass,* about two hundred and fifty yards before us, where he stood staring at us, and *flapping his huge ears.*" . . . "This accident took up some time, during which the wild elephant had made his way to the edge of the swamp, and stood perfectly still, looking at us, and *trumpeting with his trunk.*"

Percy Anecdotes.—Enterprise.

31 " *High in his ambhary he stood.*"

The ambhary is the castle or tower on the back of the elephant.

32 " *Tiger and man in struggle dread,*
Woe! woe unto the vanquished!"

" Writers," says Dow in his translation, " give a particular but incredible detail of the battle between Shere Aſkun and the Tiger."—Who these " writers " are, however, neither Dow nor Ferishta condescend to inform us: my search, therefore, having been ineffectual, I determined on making a battle of my own, confident that, much as it might vary from " the real Simon Pure " in particulars, in point of *credibility* they must be as nearly upon an equality as possible.

SHERE AFKUN.

PART II.

SHERE AFKUN.

PART II.

I.

THE dawn of Love—the first sweet sigh
The young heart heaves, scarce knowing why—
The stolen glance, that strives to shun
A wilder but not warmer one;
The mantling blush, that, like the rose
Tinged by an eastern sun-set, glows,
When through a flood of crimson light
Day rushes to the arms of Night!—
The noon of Love—the golden hour,
When passion decks her brightest bow'r

And all, within her magic zone,
Mortal *can* know of bliss, *is* known !—
The eve of Love—the eve !—let those
Who 'neath a milder sky repose,
Sing of the long, dull, twilight time,
Unknown to India's hearts or clime ;
For here, its race of splendour run,
Love sinks at once—as sinks the sun,
To brighten other waves and skies—
To doat on other lips and eyes,
Leaving what erst it shone to cheer
In darkness, sudden as 't is drear !
But, Oh !—for morn and noon like those,
Who would not risk that rapid close,
Nay, bless it—for to see the ray
We worship slowly fade away,
'Mid rising mists, and falling dews,
And all the gayest, warmest hues,
That lately in its glance were glowing,
Colder and fainter with it growing—

Oh! surely, surely, blackest night
Were better than that waning light;
That boding shadow, forward cast,
Of what we feel *will* come at last!

II.

O Love!—'t is thy eternity,
That makes a paradise on high;
And earth itself a heaven would be,
If tenanted alone by thee!
But there are passions, wild and rude,
That cross thee in thy calmest mood,
And dash thy fairest hopes with fears,
And blot thy sweetest smiles with tears,
And smear thy shafts, that headed be
By blossoms of the Amra-tree,[1]
With a far deadlier venom o'er,
Than e'er the fabled Upas bore!
Mark yonder pair—now fondly laid
Beneath yon tall acacia's shade—

Ah ! who would dream that ere the ray,
Those friendly branches from them veil,
Shall vanish in the West away,
The love—the life——But to my tale.

III.

Time, that can oft a balm impart
To wounds—ay, even of the heart ;—
Time and the skilful leech have heal'd
The all but mortal ones of Shere ;
And later, bolder acts revealed
The danger he has yet to fear
From his Imperial rival's hate,
Still foil'd, but still inveterate.
The mask is off,—and Afkun knows
In Jehaungeer his worst of foes,
And, loathing Kings and Courts, he flies
From Delhi's proud minars and towr's,
To bask beneath the sunbright eyes
Of his young bride, in Burdwan's bow'rs ;

Forgetting, in her faithful arms,
That fortune e'er had proved untrue;
And finding, in her peerless charms,
A bliss Ambition never knew.

IV.

O beautiful! beautiful! are the cool groves,
Where now with his darling he passes the hours;
Not Maya herself, with her boy-god, e'er roves[3]
By fountains more pure or 'mid lovelier flow'rs!
Here, alleys, which even at noontide are dark,
The sun-light just seen through the leaves like a spark!
There, breaks of bright verdure beneath the blue sky,
Where gilded kiosks lift their turrets on high,
And arbours of gay crimson madhavis twine,[4]
And roses are blushing, and waterfalls shine
Through knots of young date-trees, in whose plumy crests
The bayas are building their pendulous nests;

Here waves the areca—there towers the palm;
Here jessamines scatter their showers of balm,
And the mango hath spread forth its fruit and its shade,
And the mighty banian its own wilderness made;
And dark pyramidical cypresses springing,[6]
And broad-leaved chenars, wide their giant arms flinging,
With tamarind, myrtle, and mastick, are seen,
Contrasting their tints in a contest of green;
While the modest mimosa draws back from the strife,
Her delicate branches all trembling with life!
The rich trumpet-flower is wantoning there,[7]
The black-stalk'd butea, with blossoms so rare,
And thousands of others—close planted, the loom
Of the Persian to rival—a carpet of bloom![8]
As fair and as fragrant as any that are
In the gardens of Indra, or famed Chahlimar![9]

V.

And lo!—where yonder lake beside,
O'er whose bright waves the snake-boats glide,[10]
Long rows of slender columns bear
Three marble cupolas in air;
Pear-shaped, with terraced roofs between,
And of a dazzling whiteness,[11] seen
Against the thick dark woods that rise,
Behind them, to the meeting skies:
They crown the princely halls of Shere,
And from this spot beheld, appear
Upspringing from the clear and deep
Blue waters, that before them sleep,—
As rise the ancient towers of Bal,
From his sea-cover'd capital![12]

VI.

But not beneath the marble dome,
Nor in the cool verandahs, be

The owners of that palace-home
At this bright hour;—no, yonder tree—
Yon feathery acacia's bough,
Their simple canopy is now.
Upon a silken carpet spread
O'er turf, like velvet to the tread,
That stretches with a gentle slope
To the lake's edge—one arm intwining
The neck of a young antelope,
The other lock'd in Shere's—reclining
In blissful silence by her side,
Sits Mher-ul-Nissa—Asia's pride!
Her tresses, black as moonless night, [11]
Escaping from her proud tiar,
And, mix'd with pearls, and blossoms bright,
Falling adown her thin Simar.
Her bosom rich with countless rows
Of ev'ry gem that India knows;
And armlet, anklet, eardrop, zone,
Blazing alike with gold and stone!—

Her fingers cased with jewels, all,
And in one ring a mirror small
On which she often turns her eye,
And smiles as oft—contentedly!
While her rapt lord nor knows nor seeks,
Why such delight her look bespeaks:
But gazes—worships—all the while,—
Enough for him that she *does* smile!

VII.

Before them, on the sward so green,
Groups of young dancing girls are seen,
With roving eyes, like wild gazelles,
And jingling doss,[14] and ankle bells,
And flower'd jammahs, and plates of gold,[15]
Upon their dark locks backward roll'd.
And one, who bears a vina,[16] stands
Aloof from the now pausing bands,
And, touching tastefully its strings,
A wild yet pleasing air she sings.

SONG OF THE DANCING GIRL.

I.

Oh, sweet is the gale that blows over the sea
When the cinnamon groves are in bloom,[17]
But the breeze that shall waft back my lover to me
Will be fraught with a richer perfume.
Oh, I 'll fly to his heart—to his lips—
To be press'd in joy's exquisite swoon,
As the fond star Rohini, when past the eclipse,
Rejoineth her well beloved moon.[18]

II.

Return then, my darling, and by the clear rills,
Where the blue lotos springs,[19] let us rove:
Like a sandal-tree rent from its own native hills,[20]
I languish, bereft of my love!
To you there are many like me—
But to me there is no one like you—

As the moon many groves of sweet night-flow'rs may see
But the night-flow'rs one moon only view ![21]

VIII.

Again the merry dancers beat
The lively tambourine—their feet
Once more in mazy circles move,
And wantonly their wild eyes rove:
Again they pause,—and now again
Is heard that young girl's gentle strain,
But in a slower, sadder measure,
It falls upon the ear of Pleasure.

SECOND SONG OF THE DANCING GIRL.

I.

Thy couch, with mogree garlands graced, [22]
Beneath the jasmine bower I 've placed;
With keurah dust 'tis sprinkled o'er,
And attar-gul from Gazipoor. [23]

Around my brow the shawl I 've bound,
Around my neck the pearls I 've wound,
From Cashmere's loom, from Ormuz' sea,
In happier moments giv'n by thee:
No longer, then, at distance burn,
Lamp of my life!—return—return!

II.

The Mynah's note still mocks my ear, [24]
I think thy neighing steed is near;
And in the breeze-rock'd cocoa-tree
The waving of thy plume I see.
Without thee, what is all I view?
As sang the meadow to the dew— [25]
" The rose my earth-born love may be,
" But thou art Heaven's own gift to me! "
No longer, then, at distance burn,
Lamp of my life!—return—return!

IX.

A slave appears—" Well, Massud—well;
" What tidings hast thou, slave, to tell?"
" Aka"[26]—" Speak out! would'st have *me* fear?
" Look on me, Massud—I am Shere!"
" Aka,"—again the slave began,—
" Kuttub, the mighty Subahdar,[27]
" Approaches"—" Comes he to Burdwan?
" He shall be welcome.—Hoa! Sinjar!
" Out with my horse—the white one—he
" I rode at Burhampoor,[28] and see
" His girths be sound; we 'll forth and meet
" The Viceroy of Bengal—my sweet,
" My Mher-ul-Nissa!—why that start?
" And trembling too,—come to my heart—
" Thy husband's heart!" He kiss'd away
A tear that stood upon her cheek.
" Why this alarm, my Peri?—say,
" What think'st thou Kuttub comes to seek?"

" Your life, my lord ! " ?—" Hush, dearest, hush :"
He waved his hand—the slaves dispersed :
O'er his dark cheek a sudden flush
Pass'd, as he mutter'd—" Wer't the worst ! "—
Again he turn'd his glance, where stood
His trembling bride—again the blood
Rush'd to his cheek and brow—his eye
Kindled, while low and hurriedly
Thus he began—" Yes, lovely one,
" The race of Shere is nearly run ;
" And but—thou fairest flow'r—for thee—
" As welcome would the warning be
" As to the parched pilgrim's ear
" The murmur of a fountain near !
" But, oh ! when mingled with the thought
" Of woe which may to thee be wrought,
" More mournfully the fire-drum's roll,
" From the watch-tow'r of Islambol, [30]
" Ne'er sounded through the midnight air,
" Than doth the knell those tidings bear !

" Yes, like the serpent seen at sea [31]
" That tells how near the shore may be,
" Yon traitor's presence serves to shew
" How near the shoals of death and woe!
" My bark is driving on them fast;
" A shock or two, and all is past!"
" But wherefore tempts my lord his fate?
" Oh, let him fly, ere 'tis too late."
" Fly!—from a foe?—alone, of all
" The world, from thee I 'd bear such wrong!
" No, as he lived, will Afkun fall,
" And for the rest"—he whisper'd long
And earnestly. With eye of fear,
And shrinking form, did the Begum hear [32]
The dark words which he breathed, but strove
That fear to hide, and when he closed
His counsel, hasten'd to approve,
With look, and sign, the deed proposed;
But trusted not her falt'ring tongue,
On which a cry of horror hung.

" Thou'lt do't?"—she bów'd her head. " Farewell!
" My best beloved!—Oh, to dwell
" For ever thus!—one more—the last,
" Perchance on earth—what, hoa!—my steed!"
It pranced beside him: mute, aghast
She stood, while, with an arrow's speed,
Shere to his saddle sprang. " Away!"
He cried, " my Barb, while yet I may!
" Another moment, and a life
" Of fame were tarnished!—Oh, my wife!
" My soul!—Farewell!" In deeper tone
Added, " Remember!"—and was gone.

X.

" Health to the Subahdar!"—he comes;
Hark to the beat of the kettle-drums!
Hark to the brazen trumpet's note!
And see where his silken banners float,
And the lances of his guard are flashing,
In the rays of the setting sun,

As, down the narrow pathway dashing,
They gallop one by one!
Then halt, and form on the plain below;
While peering o'er the mountain's brow,
His crimson-cover'd palankeen
Is like another star-king seen [34]
Slow rising, as adown the west
His glowing rival sinks to rest!
A crowd of Moslem chieftains ride
On richly harness'd steeds, beside;
And, closing the vice-regal train,
Of flag, and bell, and breast-plate, vain,
And the long cow-tails, white and dear,[35]
That streaming hang from either ear,
Stalks his state elephant, on high
Bearing his gilded ambhary.

XI.

He comes, the mighty Subahdar!
Each city, in each wide Circar,[36]

To visit and inspect, intending;
And tow'rds Burdwan he now is bending
His stately march—so runs the tale
Amid the idle throng, who scale
Each outward wall and turret high
To gaze upon the pageant nigh;
But the proud Khans, who, sheathed in steel,
Around their prouder master wheel,
Hint of far other deeds to do,
And look the locks of their carbines to,
And whisper, "Kuttub keeps the word
"He pledged, to be Bengala's lord;
"But should the lion 'scape his spear,
"That lordship may be purchased dear."

XII.

Who is he on a milk-white steed,
Riding through the gate at speed,
A scimitar, and servants twain,
All his arms, and all his train?

'Tis Shere!—He is known by his Turcoman garb,
His yellow kaouk,[57] and his beautiful Barb.
'Tis Shere! He hath ridden fast and far,
To greet, as becomes him, the Subahdar.

XIII.

And they have met, and courteously
Kuttub receives the homage paid
By Shere—nor to that chieftain's eye
Is aught like lurking ill betray'd—
And he has turn'd his horse to ride
Slowly by the Viceroy's side,
Who enters into converse free,
Until suspicion seems to be
Unmanly as unjust, to one
Who, scorning treason, dreams of none:
And now, within an arrow's flight
Of the town walls, all ruddy bright,
With the sun's parting beam, the word
To halt, along the line is heard;

And at a sign by Kuttub given,
His elephant is forward driven,
And 'mid a flourish long and loud,
He quits his pearl-fringed palankeen,
And mounts into the turret proud,
That on the monster's back is seen :
To enter with becoming state—
Such his pretence—Burdwan's fair gate.

XIV.

But scarce within the ambhary
His foot is set, when with his spear
A soldier strikes, insultingly,
The unoffending steed of Shere.
Enough !—Its fated rider knows
The meaning of that blow—he throws
His shawl aside—his unsheath'd brand
Is shining in his dread right hand—
Down sinks the caitiff, with a cream
For mercy—twenty sabres gleam

Around the Turcoman—he feels
His hour is come: about he wheels,
And, rising in his stirrups, drags
To earth the gaudy tower and flags
That screen his foe;—like a blazing star
O'er Kuttub is waving his scimitar—
Down it flashes, through turban and brain—
He hath cloven the Subahdar in twain!

XV.

Eight of the boldest have charged him,—and four
Are rolling in dust and their own black gore!
The first was a khan of five thousand horse;—[38]
They may gallop now o'er his headless corse!
A fifth is down, and the other three
Turn from the sweep of his arm to flee.
Round him the rest have a circle made,
Out of the reach of his biting blade;
And cowardly, at distance now,
They gall their victim with musquet and bow.

A bullet whistles through the air:
It hath pierced the forehead, broad and fair,
Of his stainless steed—one mighty bound—
And stark it lies on the bloody ground!
Wounded—on foot—by a host beset—
Afkun defies them bravely yet.
" Traitors! will none of your craven band
" Strive with me singly, hand to hand?
" Dastards! I dare ye, man by man,
" Fairly to finish what treason began!"
Vain his defiance—they answer not,
Save with a shaft or a musquet-shot.
Two have struck him—he staggers—he stoops—
Of the dust beneath his feet he scoops
A handful up, and o'er his head
Sprinkles it hastily, instead
Of water,—turns towards Mecca—and falls
Dead, 'mid a shower of matchlock-balls!

XVI.

'Tis night. In Mher-ul-Nissa's bow'r
The lamps have burn'd almost an hour,
And Shere returns not. She looks out
Upon the lake—" Was that a shout?"—
She listens—all is silent, save
The gentle lapping of the wave
Within its marble channel there,
As o'er it steals the soft night air.
" A footstep!—They are here at last!"
—'Tis a wither'd leaf that rustles past!

XVII.

The groves against the clear blue sky
In masses of dark shadow lie,
Broken but by yon cypress tall,
That rises tap'ring o'er them all,—
And just above its topmost bough
The crescent moon is shining now;

Like her own golden emblem set
Upon some lofty minaret!

XVIII.

Her light is on the Begum's face;
What on those features may we trace?
Anxiety—but not the wild
Heart-sick'ning pang of Hope beguiled,
Which Fancy might have pictured there;—
Alarm—but not the frantic fear
We deem in such a breast would dwell
For one who loves—is loved so well—
In such an hour—when e'en to *know*
Him dead, were bliss to *thinking* so!

XIX.

The tramp of many feet, the hum
Of many voices—"Now they come!"
Torches are flashing through the trees,
And, by their ruddy glare, she sees

The soldiers of the Subahdar
Approaching: ere her slaves can bar
The entrance, soil'd with dust and gore,
Their chieftains stand on the Haram floor,
And the widow of Shere, by Omrah and Khan,
Is hail'd as the Empress of Hindoostan!

XX.

E'en as they hail'd her, died she not?—
Burst not her heart upon the spot?—
Or bore she life a little while,
To mount her husband's blazing pile?—
No votaress of Brahma she,
With sacred cusa grass and ghee [41]
To feed the sacrificial fire,
And 'midst it smilingly expire,
In joyful trust to share that hour,
With her loved lord, a swerga-bow'r:— [42]
But 'scaped she not by wave or knife,
Or friendly draught, from hateful life,

(As erst did Iran's faithful queen,
The brave, the beautiful Shereen !) [43]
And with it from the lot of shame,
They proffer'd in the shape of fame ?
Sure such was Afkun's last request ;
Such hope his parting glance express'd ;
And she, to judge by sign and eye,
Consented—though 'twas shudd'ringly.
Alas ! far other tenor bore
Those words in secret hurried o'er,
If credence may be given to her
Who wedded with his murderer !
Ay, wedded—and declared that Shere,
Who saw his own destruction near,
Urged her, should Jehaungeer renew
His suit, to yield that suit unto :
For that he fear'd his deeds and name
To after-times would ne'er be known,
Unless connected with the fame
Of giving her to India's throne ! [44]

XXI.

Such was the strange—the poor pretence,
With which she gloss'd her deep offence;
The tale she framed to sanctify
Her heartless infidelity!
And on her shameless brow was set
India's imperial coronet,
Which turn'd not to a serpent there!
And in her grasp his sceptre fair
The doating monarch placed, and bow'd
A vassal to that beauty proud,
By his own edict thenceforth hight—
"Nour-mahal"—"The Haram's Light."[45]

XXII.

Ay, such was she, whose praise hath rung
From harp, the sweetest ever strung!
In lays, whose rich delicious closes
Are of themselves—"*A feast of roses!*"[46]

Bard of the beautiful and brave!
Scourge of the faithless and the slave!
Poet of love, and youth, and joy,
Surpassing e'en that Brahmin-boy, [47]
At whose enchanting strain the bow'rs
Would nightly glow with "burning flow'rs!"
Oh! hadst *thou* sung the fate of Shere—
From woman's eye how many a tear
Had fallen o'er his timeless bier!
From manhood's breast how many a sigh
Had risen to his memory!
In both, what scorn hath dwelt, of her
Who made his scarce-closed sepulchre,
Unblushingly, the stepping-stone
To mount a blood-besprinkled throne!
Whose heart not warmest love could make
The fervour of its beam to share—
Cold as that mountain-girdled lake [48]
Which ice doth e'en in summer bear!

But feebly as my hand hath swept
The harp, which all too long hath slept,*
And touched by thee hath breathed a strain,
Which only thou can wake again!—
Unably as my hand hath strung
The pearls by hist'ry round me flung,
And out of which thy skill had twined
A chain, the very soul to bind!—
The lip that in derision curls
At the rough braid, *must own them pearls!*
And an ear will be lent to the deeds that were done
By the "Lion Conqueror," Shere Afkun!

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* This poem was written before the publication of the "Loves of the Angels."

NOTES TO PART II.

1 " *And smear thy shafts that headed be*
By blossoms of the amra-tree."

" And now the heart-born god, who delights in giving pain, has fixed in his bow-string a new shaft pointed with the blossom of an amra."—*Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring.*

2 " *And later bolder acts reveal'd,*" &c.

" He (Shere Afkun) had scarce recovered from his wounds, when he came to pay his respects at court. He was caressed by the Emperor; and he suspected no guile. A snare, however, was prepared for him. Jehangire meanly condescended to give private orders to the rider of one of his largest elephants to waylay his rival, in one of the narrow streets, when he next should return to court, and there trample him to death. As accidents of that kind sometimes happen from the rage of the animals in the rutting season, the thing might have passed without suspicion. Shere was carried in his palanky. He saw the elephant in his way. He gave orders to the bearers to turn back: the elephant came forwards. They threw the palanky with their master into the street, and fled to save their lives. Shere saw his danger. He had just time to rise: he drew a short sword, which always hung by his side; with this weapon he struck

the elephant across the root of the trunk, which he cut off with one blow. The animal roared, turned from him, fell down, and expired. The Emperor was looking out at a window. He retired with amazement and shame. Shere continued his way to the palace: without any suspicion of treachery, he related the particulars to Jehangire. The latter disguised his sentiments, but relinquished not his designs. He praised the strength and valour of Shere, who retired satisfied and unsuspecting from the presence. Whether the Emperor endeavoured to conquer his passion for Mher-ul-Nissa, or felt remorse from his own behaviour, is uncertain; but for the space of six months no further attempts were made against the life of Shere, who now retired to the capital of Bengal. The former designs of Jehangire were no secret. They were the subject of common conversation little to the advantage of the character of a great prince. Absolute monarchs, however, are never without men who flatter their worst passions and administer to their most pernicious pleasures. Kuttub, Suba of Bengal, was one of these convenient sycophants. To ingratiate himself with the Emperor, though perhaps not by his express commands, he hired forty ruffians to attack and murder Shere, when an opportunity should offer. Shere was apprized of the intentions of Kuttub: he continued within doors; but such was his confidence in his own strength and valour, that at night he would not permit his servants to remain in the house. They, according to custom, retired each to his own home. An old porter only remained of the men-servants under the same roof with Shere. The assassins were no strangers to a circumstance

common in India. They made their observations on the house. They found that there was a room on the right hand, within the principal door, which Shere used as a writing-chamber. This room communicated, by a narrow passage, with the sleeping apartments. When it was dark, they took advantage of the old porter's absence, and conveyed themselves without discovery into the house. The principal door being bolted at the usual hour, Shere and his family went to bed. Some of the assassins, when they thought he was fallen asleep, stole silently into his apartment. They prepared to plunge their daggers into his body, when one of them, who was an old man, being touched with remorse, cried out with a loud voice, "Hold! have we not the Emperor's orders? Let us behave like men!—Shall forty fall upon one, and that one asleep?"—"Boldly spoken!" said Shere; starting that instant from his bed. Seizing his sword, he placed himself in a corner of the room. There he was attacked by the assassins. In a few minutes many of the villains lay weltering in their blood at his feet. Scarce one half escaped without a wound. The old man who had given warning did not attempt to fly. Shere took him by the hand, praised and thanked him for his behaviour, and having inquired about those who had hired the assassins, dismissed him with handsome presents to relate the particulars abroad. The fame of this gallant exploit resounded through the whole empire. Shere could not stir abroad for the mob who pressed around him. He, however, thought proper to retire from the capital of Bengal to his old residence at Burdwan. He hoped to live there in obscurity and safety with his beloved Mher-ul-Nissa.—He was deceived," &c.—*Dow*.

3 "*Not Maya herself, with her boy-god,*" &c.

"According to the mythology of Hindoostan he (Kamadiva) was the *son of Maya,* or the general attracting power. He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother or consort, *in the midst of his gardens and temples,*" &c.—*Sir William Jones.*

4 "*And arbours of gay crimson madhavis twine.*"

"The madhavi (ipomæa, Linn.) is a most beautiful creeper, covering our seats and arbours with a small monopetalous flower, divided into five angular segments, *like fine crimson velvet,* surrounded by a foliage uncommonly delicate."—*Forbes.*

"The *arbour of twining madhavis,* embellished with fragments of stone like bright gems, appears, by its pleasantness, though without a voice, to bid thee welcome"—*Sacontala.*

5 "*Through knots of young date-trees, in whose plumy crests*
The bayas are building their pendulous nests."

"The baya, or bottle-nested sparrow, is remarkable for its pendent nest, brilliant plumage, and uncommon sagacity. These birds are found in most parts of Hindostan. In shape they resemble the sparrow, as also in the brown feathers of the back and wings: the head and breast are of a bright yellow, and in the rays of a tropical sun have a splendid appearance, when flying by thousands in the same grove. They make a chirping noise, but have no song. They assemble in large communities, and cover extensive

clumps of palmyras, acacias, and date-trees with their nests," &c.—*Forbes.*

6 " *And dark pyramidical cypresses springing,*" *&c.*

" The gardens are many, and both large and beautiful. Several of them (as I paced) are eight hundred paces long, and four hundred broad; most of them safe guarded by walls fourteen feet high and four feet thick; and which, from their spaciousness and plenty of trees, resemble groves or wildernesses. . . . . They abound in *lofty pyramidical cypresses, broad-spreading chenawrs*, tough elm, straight ash, knotty pines, *fragrant masticks*, kingly oaks, *sweet myrtles*, useful maples," &c.—*Sir Thomas Herbert.*

7 " *The rich trumpet flower is wantoning there,*
The black-stalked butea with blossoms so rare,
And thousands of others," *&c.*

The bignonia, or trumpet flower. Its Sanscreet name is the Patali. Sir William Jones describes it as " exquisitely fragrant, preferred by the bees to all other flowers, and compared by the poets to the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love." The butea, or palása, as it is called in the Sanscreet, is thus mentioned in the songs of Jayadeva: " The clustering flowers of the palása resemble the nails of Cama with which he rends the hearts of the young."

8 ——— " *A carpet of bloom!*"

" The gardens, according to the season, were filled with balsams, poppies, and various flowers, of an equal height,

closely planted, and so disposed as to resemble a rich Turkey carpet: this formality seems to be the acme of Mogul taste."—*Forbes.*

9 " *In the gardens of Indra or famed Chahlimar.*"

The God Indra is the emblem of the visible Heavens, and his paradise of sensual delights and enjoyment a favourite subject with the poets of Hindoostan.

"The most admirable of all these gardens is that of the king, which is called Chahlimar."—*Bernier.*

10 " *O'er whose bright waves the snake-boats glide.*"

" So called from their length and their quick darting motion."—*Sketches of India.*

" One sort in particular, which proceeds with the greatest velocity with oars, is extremely long and narrow, and on that account called a snake."—*Forbes.*

11 " *And of a dazzling whiteness, &c.*"

" My inquiries respecting the quarries whence the marble was procured were not satisfactorily answered. I have been told such marble is produced in the province of Marwar, but this requires confirmation "—*Forbes.*

12 " *As rise the ancient towers of Bal*
From his sea-cover'd capital."

" That the descendants of the race of Bal did retire southward, from the exterminating fury of the Mahome-

dans, seems to be apparent from what Mr. Chambers, in the Asiatic Researches, has related concerning the extensive and ruinous remains of a vast city near Sadras, on the Coromandel coast, now called Mavalipuram, but which, he contends, in Sanscreet, might have been written Mahabalipur, or the city of the Great Bali. The greater part of these ruins has been corroded and washed away by the violent inroad of the sea, on whose borders they now stand; but from which it is probable they were, in former ages, situated at a considerable distance. The more ancient inhabitants of the place now living remember when a far greater number of pagodas, than at present appears, *raised their heads above the water*, which, being covered with copper, and probably gilt, reflected the rays of the rising sun, and diffused a glory over the ocean that seemed to indicate how wide, and at the same time how magnificent, were the ruins it concealed."—*Maurice's Ind. Ant.*

13 "*Her tresses black as moonless night*," &c.

"Their hair, perfumed with the finest essences, and *braided with pearls, falls down in graceful tresses*. Some, on the crowns of the head, wear turbans adorned with plumes of feathers glittering with precious stones, while long scarfs of gold tissue, fastened to them behind, hang down and reach to the very ground. Others wear a kind of diadem, formed of pearl, on the front part of the head, in the centre of which is fixed a glorious jewel resembling in its figure the sun, a crescent, a star, or some beautiful flower. Their necklaces, too, are of the finest Oriental pearl, intermixed

with diamonds, rubies, and saphires. The climate obliging them to wear only the slightest covering, there is a silk made on purpose for them, so very fine that a whole suit of it does not weigh above an ounce. *The neck and bosom are covered with interwoven pearls and diamonds, suspended crosswise in brilliant rows. Their pendants and bracelets are of a surprising magnificence. Their fingers and their toes*, which are always uncovered, as they only wear sandals, are alike adorned with *the richest rings*. On the right thumb they wear *a small looking-glass in the form of a signet*, set round with pearl, *in which they are for ever admiring themselves*. The ornament most becoming these ladies is a *gold girdle of about two finger's breadth, garnished with variegated stones*. Labels of the same metal hang down from it, with clusters of Oriental pearl at the extremities. What is most astonishing is, that many of these ladies have at least six or eight changes of these jewels."—*Manouchi*.

"The women wear gold rings on their fingers, and sometimes one on their thumbs, with a small looking-glass in it."—*Hamilton*.

"They wear also rings on their fingers for ornaments, and have generally one with a looking-glass set in it, an inch diameter, to see themselves."—*Tavernier*.

14 ——— "*And jingling dost.*"

"The Asiatics are fond of accompanying their dancing and singing with the sound of tambourines, in order better to mark the measure. These are of different sorts, either

circular pieces of wood, or earthen pots made for the purpose, covered with skin, and sounded with the fingers. *The most elegant tambourine is the Doss, to which the women dance in the Harams.*"—*Niebuhr.*

15 " *And flower'd jammahs and plates of gold*
Upon their dark locks backward roll'd.

Jammah is a loose robe. Those worn by the dancing girls are generally of worked muslin, or gold or silver tissue.

" Near the Tazier were groups of dancing girls, covered with joys, and dressed *in showy muslins and silks, with round golden embossed plates on the back of the head.*"

Sketches of India.

16 ——" *And one who bears a vina.*"

The Indian guitar.—" Le viné est une espèce de guitarre, au manche de laquelle on attache une calebasse pour lui faire rendre des sons plus harmonieux."—*Sonnerat.*

17 " *When the cinnamon groves are in bloom.*"

" When the wind sets off the island (Ceylon) the cinnamon groves perfume the air for many miles out at sea, of which we have incontestable evidence; probably it is that time of year when the cinnamon-trees are in blossom."

Cope's New History of the East Indies.

18 " *As the fond star Rohini, when past the eclipse,*
Rejoineth her well-beloved moon."

" By the kindness of Heaven, O loveliest of thy sex, thou standest again before me whose memory was obscured by the gloom of fascination, as *the star Rohini at the end of an eclipse rejoins her beloved moon.*"—*Sacontala.*

19 " *Where the blue lotos springs.*"

Cashmere.—" The blue lotos grows in Cashmir and in Persia, but not in Bengal, where we see only the red and the white," &c.—*Sir William Jones.*

20 " *Like a sandal-tree rent from its own native hills,*" *&c.*

" Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal-tree rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil?"—*Sacontala.*

" The tree thrives in a hilly, rocky situation, and there produces wood of the finest grain and strongest scent: on low lands and a richer soil it degenerates, and is in all respects less esteemed."—*Forbes.*

21 " *To you there are many like me,*" *&c.*

The concluding image of this song will doubtless remind

every reader of poetry of one of Mr. Moore's beautiful Irish melodies.

"The moon looks on many brooks
The brook can see no moon but this."

The idea is in fact the same, but I could not resist giving it in the original words of the Indian Pundit to Sir William Jones, "To you there are many like me, yet to me there are none like you but yourself! There are numerous groves of night-flowers, but the night-flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon."

22 "*Thy couch with Mogree garlands graced,*" *&c.*

"The sofa of my beloved is decked with garlands of mogrees overshadowed by a canopy of jessamine: I have strewed it with the sweet dust of Keurah, and perfumed it with ottar of roses."—*Song of Roshan—Forbes.*

"Abdallah! *Lamp of my Life,* and possessor of my heart!" . . . . . "Thou hast decked me with diamonds of Golconda, and covered me with pearls of Ormuz:—what are diamonds and pearls to her that is forsaken?" . . . . . "The shawls of Cassimer and the silks of Iran, presented by my lord, have no longer any charms for thy Selima." . . . . "Return, oh, my lord, to thine handmaid; restore her thy heart, and every pleasure will accompany it!"

Song of Selima—Forbes.

23 "*And attar-gul from Ghazipoor.*"

"Ghazipoor is famed all over India for rose water."

Sketches of India.

24 "*The Mynah's note still mocks my ear,*" &c.

"In these Islands and some other places of Bengal is a bird called Meina, whose colour is like a blackbird, but as big as a raven; it will speak like a starling, *and imitates the neighing of a horse exactly.*"—*Tavernier.*

"The Mynah—the talking bird of India."—*Forbes.*

25 "*As sang the meadow to the dew,*" &c.

"When the meadow saw the rose, she said with a smile, this is my earth-born lover, but the dew is my heavenly."—*Weston's Fragments of Oriental Literature.*

26 "*Aka.*"

"Aka, which is frequently but improperly written, Aga, signifies Lord or Master."—*Ayeen Akbery.*

27 "*Kuttub the mighty Subahdar.*"

Kuttub-ul-dien Koka, then Viceroy of Bengal.—*See Dow's History of Hindoostan.*

"Subah is frequently but improperly used for Subahdar by European authors: Subah is properly the vice-royalty, and Subahdar the Vice-Roy."—*See Ayeen Akbery.*

28 "*I rode at Burhampoor.*"

The capital of Candeish, near which city a tremendous battle took place between the army of Akbar, headed by

Khan Khanna, and the forces of the Kings of Golconda and Vissapour, led by their valiant General Soheil, in which the latter party was defeated after a bloody conflict of four-and-twenty hours.

29 "*Your life, my Lord.*"

"Pour ce qui est des femmes, elles sont moins les compagnes que les esclaves de leurs maris. Le style ordinaire est que le mari tutoye sa femme, et que la femme ne parle jamais à son mari, ni de son mari, qu'en termes les plus respectueux. Je ne sçai si c'est par respect, ou par quelqu'autre raison, que la femme ne peut jamais prononcer le nom de mari ; il faut qu'elle se serve en ces occasions de périphrases et de circonlocutions tout-à-fait risibles."—

Lettres édifiantes et curieuses.

30 "*More mournfully the fire drum's roll*
From the watch tower of Islambol," *&c.*

Islambol—"C'est le nom que les Turcs ont donné à la ville de Constantinople."—*D'Herbelot.* "When a fire breaks out, whether by day or by night, all the inhabitants of the city are soon warned to have an eye to their own safety, and to give assistance to the unfortunate persons concerning whom they take an interest. The guard of every quarter parade the streets, trailing on the pavement sticks shod with iron, and crying from time to time in a mournful voice 'There's a fire!' *Two enormous drums, placed, the one on a lofty tower about the middle of Constantinople,* and the other on that of Galata, likewise apprize the inhabitants of a fire having broken out."—*G. A. Olivier.*

31 "*Yes—like the serpent seen at sea,*" &c.

"In the Indian Ocean, at a certain distance from land, a great many water-serpents, from twelve to fifteen inches in length, are to be seen rising above the surface of the water." ...."When these serpents are seen, they are an indication that the coast is exactly two degrees distant."—*Niebuhr.*

32 "*And shrinking form did the Begum hear.*"

Begum signifies Princess, and is a title assumed by all the Moghul women of rank.—*See Ayeen Akbery.*

33 "*Hark to the beat of the kettle drums,*" &c.

"This day Abdala Chan came to visit the Prince, so greatly attended, that I have not seen the like. *His drums and music on horseback,* being about twenty, made noise enough, then followed fifty persons *carrying white flags before him,* and two hundred soldiers, well mounted, in coats of cloth of gold, velvet, and rich silks," &c. &c.—*Sir Thomas Roe.*

34 "*Is like another star-king seen.*"

The Sun is often styled King of the Stars and Planets by Indian authors.

35 "*Of flag, and bell, and breast-plate vain,*
And the long cow-tails white and dear, &c."

"Some of which, being Lord Elephants, had their chains, bells, and furniture, of gold and silver, with many gilt banners and flags carried about them ..... the first

having all the plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, being a beast of wonderful bulk and beauty."

Sir Thomas Roe.

"Those dear white cow-tails by way of ornament fastened to the ears of elephants."—*Bernier.*

36 "*Each city in each wide Circar.*"

According to the Ayeen Akbery, Hindoostan was parcelled into grand divisions by the Emperor Akbar. Each of these divisions was called a Soubah, and was subdivided into circars or counties; and these again were divided into pergunnahs, or hundreds.—The subah of Bengal is there said to have consisted of twenty-four circars, and Burdwan to have been in the circar of Sherefabad.—Shere Afkun obtained (says Dow) from the viceroy of that country the superintendency of the district of Burdwan after his marriage with Mher-ul-Nissa.

37 "*His yellow Kaouk.*"

"This head-dress, which is called the Kaouk, is nothing but the Turcoman bonnet with some ornaments, and is therefore to be considered as a Turkish piece of dress. . . . All the great men in Turkey wear the Kaouk of *yellow cloth*, with a piece of fine white muslin wrapped round it."

Niebuhr.

38 "*The first was a khan of five thousand horse.*"

"The first who fell by his hands was Aba Khan, a native of Cashmire and an Amyr of five thousand."—*Dow*

39 "*Sprinkles it hastily, instead*
Of water," *&c.*

"Turning his face towards Mecca, he took up some dust with his hand; and for want of water, threw it by way of ablution upon his head. He then stood up seemingly unconcerned. Six balls entered his body in different places before he fell. His enemies had scarcely courage to come near till they saw him in the last agonies of death. They praised his valour to the skies; though, in adding to his reputation, they took away exceedingly from their own."—*Dow.*

40 "*Broken but by yon cypress tall*
That rises tapering o'er them all."

"Amongst which I observed the cypress to be exceeding large; a tree the more valuable, for that it is ever verdant, sweet, and lasting."—*Sir Thomas Herbert.*

41 "*With sacred cusa grass and ghee,*" *&c.*

"Having first bathed, the devoted widow dressed in two clean garments, and holding some cusa grass, sips water from the palm of her hand. . . . . Having repeated the sancalpa, she walks three times round the pile, and the Brahmana utters the following shantras: 'O'm! let these women, not to be widowed, good wives adorned with collyrium, holding ghee (clarified butter), consign themselves to the fire,'" &c.—*Hindoo Ritual.*

42 ——"*A swerga-bower.*"

Swerga is the paradise of the Gentoos.

43 " *The brave—the beautiful Shereen!*"

The celebrated favourite of Khoosroo Purveez . . . . . According to the Rozut-ul-Suffa, Schiroueh, the son and murderer of Khoosroo, "sought the favours of this enchanting beauty, who appeared to consent, but desired to take one look at the remains of his father. The murdered body of her former lover was shown to her, and she immediately swallowed a poison which produced instant dissolution. Some authors say she stabbed herself, but all agree that she put an end to her existence, to escape the love of Schiroueh." . . . . . "The act has immortalized her name, which is to this day associated in Persia with all that is beautiful and delightful in the female sex."—*Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.*

44 ——" *Of giving her to India's throne.*"

"The reasons which she said he gave were as feeble as the fact itself was improbable—he was afraid that his own exploits would sink into oblivion, without they were connected with the remarkable event of giving an Empress to India."—*Dow.*

45 " *Nour-mahal—the Haram's Light.*"

"Upon Mher-ul-Nissa's marriage with Jehangire, her name was changed by an edict to Noor-Mâhil, or the "Light of the Seraglio," and some years after another edict was issued to change her name to Noor-Jehân, or the "Light of the World." To distinguish her from the other wives of

the Emperor, she was always addressed by the title of Shahe, or Empress, and her name was joined with that of the Emperor on the current coin. She died at her palace in Lahore, A.D. 1645, and in the 1055th year of the Hegira."—*Dow.*

"Sultan Selim, appellé autrement Gehanguir Patcha IX. Roy des Indes, père de Cha-gehan, aimoit fort les femmes; mais il avoit une tendresse toute particulière pour l'une d'entre celles qu'il avoit dans son serrail, laquelle il avoit epousée, et qui avoit aussi un mèrite tout particulier. Elle avoit beaucoup d'esprit et étoit fort liberale, et elle sçavoit si bien ménager l'esprit du Roy et si bien le divertir, qu'il ne pouvoit vivre sans elle, et qu'elle estoit en possession de tout obtenir de luy. Elle avoit deux noms; l'un estoit Nourgehan Begum, qui signifie la lumière du monde, et c'est le nom qui estoit dans son cachet." . . . . . "L'autre nom dont on l'appelloit à la cour estoit Nour-mahal, qui signifie la lumière du serrail."—*Tavernier.*

46 ——"*A feast of roses.*"

This allusion will be perfectly understood, and its truth acknowledged by every one who has read (and who has not?) that absolutely intoxicating poem, "*The Light of the Haram;*" but its application would be doubly felt by an eastern poet; for, says the Abbé Dubois, "As in an idolatrous nation every thing tends to superstition, the poets of India hold some letters to be "*amritam,*" or "*ambrosial,*" and others to be "visham," or "poisonous."

47 "*Surpassing e'en that Brahmin-boy,*" *&c.*

"Tanseine, the Orpheus of Hindoostan; he being the first

who brought the art of singing to perfection in this part of the world. By the Mahomedan accounts, he was a Brahmin-boy converted to Islamism by Shah Mahomed Gose, who, struck with the sweetness of his voice, patronized him very early in life, and taking great pains in cultivating his talents, laid the foundation of that celebrity which he afterwards attained. He lived many years at the court of Akbar, high in favour with the Emperor, and the admiration of his subjects." .... "Tansiene composed verses as well as sang, with such superiority, that when Akbar, who was extremely luxurious and magnificent in his entertainments, invited strangers, and resolved to give an extraordinary zest to the royal banquet, Tansiene had his allotted share of the feast. When the company assembled, in the dusk of the evening, to enjoy the gentle breeze and taste the perfume of the gardens, percolated and cooled by the numerous fountains playing round the shrubberies, darkness was gradually permitted to approach; but lamps of various colours, intended for a general illumination, were notwithstanding properly arranged, though ordered not to be lighted until a private signal was given by the Emperor to Tansiene, who then suddenly burst forth into a strain so astonishingly harmonious, that the whole scene became illuminated by the magic of his voice."—*Forbes.*

[48] "*Cold as that mountain-girdled lake,*" &c.

"After we had considered this fountain, we entered into the mountains to see a great lake which hath ice in summer, and looketh like a little icy sea, having heaps of ice made and unmade by the winds."—*Bernier.*

[49] " *Unably as my hand hath strung*
The pearls," *&c.*

" The metaphor of stringing pearls is a poetical idea common in the Persian language, and frequently to be met with in the beautiful odes of Hafiz."—*Forbes.*

" Khusroo, cease thy artless strain,
Nor suppose the numbers vain,
If these pearls, at random flung,
Please the nymphs for whom they 're strung."
Trans. of Persian Ode.

THE END.

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THE

TWO BROKEN HEARTS,

A POEM.

THE

TWO BROKEN HEARTS:

A TALE.

LONDON:

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MDCCCXXIII.

46924

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The action is supposed to pass in the middle of the fourteenth century at the Castle of Eberstein, in the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest.

The sequel of the story of Raïsciac, is authenticated by Montaigne in his *Essai sur la Tristesse.*

PART THE FIRST.

" So vergehn des lebens Herrlichkeiten,
So entfleucht das Traumbild eitler Macht,
So versinkt, im schnellen Lauf der Zeiten,
Was die Erde trägt in öde Nacht!
Lorbeern, die des Siegers stirn umkränzen,
Thäten, die in Erz und Marmor glänzen,
Urnen, der Erinnerung geweiht,
Und Gesänge der Unsterblichkeit."—MATHISONS *Elegie in den ruinen eines alten Bergschlosses geschrieben.*

THE

TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

BRIGHT falls the clear autumnal sunshine round
The Schwarzwald's pine-clad shades, and mossy ground;
And thro' the lofty stems, with glowing beam,
And o'er the sparkling river's brawling stream;
And on the craggy cliffs, and castle walls,
Massive and stern, with brighter lustre falls;
While fleecy clouds above, of snowy hue,
Like ocean sails, pass o'er the depths of blue,
Swift, pure, and soft; and the glad breezes play,
Freshly; and all seems like a holiday,

Round the dark tow'rs of Eberstein, and o'er
The rapid Murg's wild waves, and vine-clad shore.

How proudly castled on the woody height
They stand, in vast and solitary might!
Like some dark giant of the days of old,
Guarding with iron strength his mountain-hold;
While, frowning thus beneath the morning light,
They tell of many a dark and deadly fight;
Of weary sieges—nightly watches past,—
Of warder's challenge, and of bugle blast
Breaking the midnight silence:—stern and proud
And dark, as an impending thunder cloud;
Thrice worthy of their lord, whose pride of heart
Well fits the feudal ruler's despot part;
Yet best and bravest of a deathless line,
Raïsciac—the haughty Count of Eberstein. (1)

But where are those who, on so fair a morn,
Should the bright landscape with their sports adorn?

Why comes not Raïsciac forth with horn and hound,
To rouse the forest with their sylvan sound?
Why tarries Bertha in her lonely bow'r?
Why are the portals of the outward tow'r
Barr'd with defensive strength? and why to-day
When the warm sun shines forth with ling'ring ray
To deck the closing year, from yon hill side,
Where shelter'd vineyards hang their glowing pride,
Rise not the murmurs of the vintage—loud
With mirth and laughter of the joyous crowd?

No village maid, with brightly braided hair,
And gaudy festal suit, is smiling there;
While 'mid the clust'ring leafiness, her lay
Chases the weary hour of toil away.
The axe is silent in the slumb'ring wood;
The boat upturned, lies chained beside the flood;
And where the hearths of Gernsbach (2) send on high
Their smoke wreaths, curling upward gracefully,

Beneath the hill, 'tis silent all, and lone!
The villagers, ungreeting, one by one
Pass their accustomed haunts, save here and there
A straggling group, who gaze around with care,
And troubled looks, and, whisp'ring mournfully,
Seem to await some sad solemnity.

They start! A trampling steed comes bounding o'er
The hill that overhangs the river shore:
'Tis Raïsciac's self!—irresolute they stand
To meet or shun the mighty of the land;
Yet when, with reverence due, they turn aside,
He sees them not; or with unwonted pride,
Scorns their unsought obeisance,—on, right on
He speeds, and thro' the dark'ning woods is gone.

On through the Murg's wild valley; on, where rise
The Schwarzwald's gloomy shades, the courser flies;
On, where, amid the chestnut grove that shines
With brighter green amid the solemn pines,

The sacred tower, the House of God appears, (3)
Sheltered in lonely peace from earthly fears.
He pauseth not beside the holy gate;
Onwards, in sadness, lost and desolate,
He speeds, as foe or fiend were in pursuit.
" Oh! turn thee back, nor with thy gaze pollute
These silent shades! oh! turn thee home again,
Raïsciac! recall thy mandate, ere the pain
Of vain remorse——" He hears not! on, right on,
He speeds, and thro' the dark'ning woods is gone.

Dark realm of loneliness and mystery!
Stern, like some forest's wild solemnity,
Which, ere creation's work was done, on high,
Stretched forth its mighty arms, adoringly,
In vast and awful solitude; whose shade
Mortals with wandering footsteps scarce invade,
To mark the ancient stems, erect and tall,
That rise around in pride majestical,
And deepen with their boughs the shadowy green,
That lends a mystic sameness to the scene:

To hear the lonely brooks that chafe along,
The scornful pines unbending shades among;
To feel the mossy earth allure the tread
O'er the soft level of its leafless bed;
To woo the incense of the pine leaves, borne
In native fragrance on the breath of morn:
Or sweeter still—when evening breezes rise,
And the lone cricket chirps, (4) and daylight dies;
In thy wild paths, though nature's proud command
Still uninvaded rules—though earthly hand
Hath wrought no idle sacrilege around;
Though rock and thicket—flood and fell abound;
Though wild ravines with heights sublime unite,
And deep continuous shades perplex the sight,
'Tis not with dread. No wild magnificence
Startles the baffled eye, and shuddering sense.
Nor rushing cataracts with thund'ring fall,
Nor snow-capt mountain-wilds, the heart appal;
No fall precipitous unveils beneath,
No avalanche above, the face of death:

But all is gracious, or obscurely bright,
Like the deep twilight of a summer night.
And while a still pervading aspect throws,
A semblance o'er the whole of sad repose,
It wearies not—an ever-varying grace,
Sheds endless beauty o'er creation's face.

By yonder rock, (*) that rises like a throne,
For nature's self in sylvan beauty lone,
The stern dark tannen stand, as though to guard
The gloomy valley stretched beneath their ward.
At its cold base, the stunted juniper
Uplifts its rigid stem. Above, appear
The Stauffenberg's rude summits; higher still,
The Vosges rise with many a distant hill,
Uniting in blue distance with the sky,
That bends to meet them imperceptibly.

And there, oppressed and panting from his speed,
Raïsciac with fierce impatience checks his steed,

Secure that sound nor sight will reach him there,
To urge with deeper grief his soul's despair.
Yet, as he leans against the granite's base,
And strives with fruitless struggles to efface
The madd'ning thoughts, the varying fears that rise
In sad succession, to his conscious eyes,
In fancy's dream, he sees a form, whose grace
The semblance of his youth appears to trace;
Girt by a menial train, whose rich array,
And haughty brows, their foreign birth betray,
Winding amid the forest paths, and guiding
A gentle being, on her palfrey gliding

Fast by his side, to whom he bends to shew
The varying scenes, that greet them as they go,
With smiles of tearful joy, which fondly tell
What deep emotions in his bosom swell;
While pointing out each spot, from infancy
Known and beloved, to her attentive eye.
And then, with what a burst of ardent feeling
He seems to pause, when first the woods revealing

Their shadowy height, the towers of Eberstein,
Rise where the dazzling beams of morning shine.

He sees them up the mountain gently glide,
He sees his joyous son towards his bride
Leaning with whispered words of love. Then wild
With rage and indignation 'gainst his child,
He breathes aloud his vows of hate and scorn,
Dooms him to wander hopeless and forlorn,
An exile from his home and heritage.
Ah! wretched father! whose untempered rage,
Thus can long years of love obliterate,
Pause ere thine angry heart confirms their fate.
It is too late—the cruel deed is done,
Raïsciac hath banished his unhappy son.

By nature stern, by fortune placed above
The soothing interchange of smiles and love
With those around, from childhood's earliest hour,
Raïsciac, within his proud ancestral tower,

Had ruled with princely sway his wide domain;
Where feudal tyranny, with scourge and chain,
From age to age had to her will subdued
The human weeds of that dark solitude.
Himself, the last of an illustrious race,
Retaining haughtily his "pride of place;"
And deeply conscious of the unblemished line,
Whose honours graced the house of Eberstein,
He scorned to hide or check the pride of soul,
The will that spurned all counsel or control;
But absolute and harsh, surrounded still
By wretches born for penury and ill—
Unmatched, amid his solitary reign,
By prince or peer, and loathing with disdain
The slaves he wanted soul to render free,
He too became the prey of tyranny—
That worst of tyranny, whose bonds can bind
The rising impulse of the gen'rous mind;
That paltry selfishness, that despot pride,
Which tramples all the breathing world beside.

Yet rich he was in virtues that became
His race and age. Of honourable fame
For knightly prowess, and for faith of speech;
Well skilled in arts which barbarous ages reach;
And strictly just in thought and deed, save when
His lust of power o'erlooked those rights of men
Which found no echo in his iron breast;
And once opposed in purpose, or behest,
The dungeon yawned, the fetters o'er their prey
Stretched forth, in secret gloom, their dread array.
But still his gallant bearing, and the spell
Whose charms around the loftiest spirits dwell,
And the unchecked profusion of his hand,
Wrought to his will the vassals of the land,
With more than common loyalty; and he
Repaid, in turn, their fond fidelity,
By such devotion to his native soil
As bade him dare all peril, brave all toil,
When for the fatherland called forth to bear,
In council or in war, a patriot's share.

Stern as he was in mind, his heart confess'd
Each gentler impulse of the human breast;
In this alone he deigned not to fulfil
The petty starts of an ungoverned will;
And the first friend, from childhood's hour revered,
Still to his firm, devoted heart endeared,
Became the brother of his choice, when time
Strengthened their mutual faith in manhood's prime.
He too was wed,—and when the bridal wreath,
That bound his brow, beneath the touch of death
Withered untimely, ere his infant boy
Had tasked the fullness of maternal joy,
To them he turned, the sister and the friend,
For such relief as kindred hearts can lend,
And wept with them in softened sorrow o'er
The grave of one "not lost, but gone before."

And dear it was to Risciac's heart, to see
His gentle sister tending silently,
With woman's pure instinctive tenderness,
The lonely cradle of the motherless.

Amid the rosy imps, whose beauty shone
The bright but softened image of her own.
None from her care a fonder blessing shared,
Than Eberstein's young orphan, Eberhard.
And when in earnest half, and half in jest,
He begged her girl, her best and loveliest,
To be his future bride, and when her lord
Confirmed the vague request with pledge and word,
And twined their little hands in one, and all
Witnessed their troth-plight's mimic festival,
She strove to waken in their hearts such love
As absence might not tire, nor time remove;
But, like the evening shadows, which increase
From hour to hour, till day's bright glories cease,
Still deepening grow, till life's long ling'ring ray
Before the night of time should fade away.

Short was her dream of joy. The trump of war
Shed its inspiring clamour from afar;
And, doomed to see in bannered pride depart
The husband and the brother of her heart,

Leading to glory's field their gallant host,
Her sinking heart, in dark forebodings lost,
Already seemed to feel the fatal blow,
Which laid her hope, her joy, her being low.

Two to the field went forth in arms, and *one*
From the dark day of strife returned alone!
And while the widowed matron to the gate
Rushed forth, with flashing eye, and brow elate,
In anxious hope, how vain! to welcome home
The loved, the lost, who never more will come,
Hard was the sad survivor's task, to tell
How bravely in the battle-field he fell,
When, venturing forth the friend he loved to save,
He in his aid and rescue found a grave:
Hard was the task to soothe her hopeless grief;
To soothe? alas! there was but one relief;
And tho' she lived beside her children's bier,
To seek in vain the solace of a tear;
And tho' her wasted form, and faded cheek,
Pining away, submissive, calm and meek,

In Raïsciac's heart renewed, for many a day
The fickle hopes that rose but to decay,
In grief's first hour, the latent blow of death
Withered the heart which slowly sank beneath.

She died,—and Raïsciac, heart-struck and alone,
Sheltered with tend'rest care the orphan one ;
And loved to trace, and thus his grief beguiled,
His sister's cherished image in her child.
While thus deprived of ev'ry early tie
On which his heart reposed so tenderly,
Of each companion of his youth bereft,
And in his dark and desert castle left,
To dream his solitary hours away,
Musing on grief, and in life's future day
Behold the pallid spectre of the past ;(6)
The mind by nature sad, became at last
Impatient and morose, and ev'ry hour,
By angry passions swayed with deeper pow'r.
Yet, in his darkest mood, could Bertha's voice
His wrath appease, his gloomy heart rejoice ;

And, in his wilful waywardness, to her
He turned with changeless love that could not err.
Or if young Eberhard, who ill could brook
The harshness of his father's words and look,
Broke through his long endurance, and replied
At times to the restraints that curbed his pride,
Still 'twas her task, between the sire and son,
With an appeasing angel's gentle tone,
To mediate; from their fiery hearts her sway
Chased ev'ry thought of bitterness away.
And Raïsciac's dearest joy it seemed, to name
His children's names together, and their claim
To equal love avow—their union gave
The only hope that held him from the grave;
While she his fond parental care repaid
With love that served, and duty that obeyed.
Thus years pass'd on, and time already sought
Completion of the vows their hopes had wrought;
And Eberhard, tho' lost in fiery dreams
Of wild ambition, and the zealous schemes,

Which minds unspotted from the world, and free
From custom's fetters, cherish ardently,
Urged his fond suit with fruitless pleading; still
Raïsciac delayed their wishes to fulfil.
Marking with deep parental fears the mind,
Earnest, but fickle as the summer wind,
Prompt ev'ry vague impression to retain,
Till some new image chased it forth again;
And dreading that the soul which solitude
Had with its vain delusive dreams endued,
Now summoned with ungoverned will to rove
Thro' the world's flattering paths of mirth and love,
Might learn to loathe the loved domestic chain,
Which now he sought so warmly to obtain,
And in some future hour perchance upbraid
His yielding sire who might have still delayed
The holy marriage rites,—for two long years
Prolonged the measure of affection's fears.
And yet, unwilling daily to behold
His son's untempered spirit, fierce and bold,

Pine in inactive ease, he bade him share,
In foreign climes, the honour'd toils of war;
In that fierce band, by Guarnieri led (7),
To heap the plains of Tuscany with dead.

He went, nor murmured—while the gentler heart
Which grieved to see him gaily thus depart,
Herself unskilled in peril's form, to prize
The charms it wears to youthful warrior's eyes;
Remained to wander weeping round the spot,
Where parting whispers, ne'er to be forgot,
Had promised faith, so true, so pure, so fond,
That love itself had not a wish beyond.

And yet there came, e'en in that parting hour,
A nameless dread that chilled her with its power;
That would not pass away, howe'er she sought
To turn to brighter hopes her anxious thought;
But whispered ever, in exulting tone,
"Gone, gone, thy days of happiness are gone."

Howe'er she strove to calm the fears that swell
A heart which "loves not wisely, but too well,"
Hiding her secret grief within her breast,
She could not banish the unwelcome guest.

And, wond'ring, oft she marked the pride that shone
In Raïsciac's look, when told of battles won,
And scars, with which his boy had earned a fame,
That honoured e'en his patrimonial name.
Perplexed she saw, when knighthood's glorious meed
Repaid at length full many a daring deed,
The father's fond surprise: had he before
Doubted the powers that gallant spirit bore?
To her still bravest, wisest, best—to her
Such cold distinctions seemed not to confer
Honour on him she loved; already known,
Each virtue yet improved, appeared his own!

And stranger still,—for minds like Bertha's, pure
From worldly wiles, in self-esteem secure,

Hold breach of faith from change of wav'ring will,
A crime unheard of and impossible,—
To see the fears with which he marked her hand
Sought by the proud and wealthy of the land;
By Zähring's prince, by Nassau's haughty lord,
With many an earnest suit, and pleading word,
That owned the beauty of that gentle form,
Ere withered by affliction's ruthless storm.

Fair was her cheek, most exquisitely fair,
And yet not pale; for ever varying there
With speaking brightness shone the tender glow
That tints the white-rose in its prime; below,
Lips of that pure expression only given
To those whose thoughts on earth are turned to heaven,
Adorned each winning smile with pensive grace,
That lent an angel's sweetness to her face.
Her eye, its hue I know not, but its light
Shone like the softness of a summer night.
Her very hand was wrought in beauty's mould,
And with its graceful movements seemed to hold

Its influence from that meek, that gentle soul,
Which o'er her beauty breathed, and harmonized the whole.

So bloom the early flowers of spring, whose hues
No fervid sunbeams heighten or suffuse;
Unmeet to dare the summer's vivid ray,
And blighted oft by premature decay;
Born but to fade—pure, soft and delicate,
Deplored too early, and beloved too late.
It was that fatal year, (8) when summer came
Sunless and dark, to earth's exhausted frame;
When chilling rains forbade the golden grain
To shed its blest luxuriance o'er the plain;
While the pale vineyards perished in their pride,
And on its stem the unripened olive died;
And Terror stalked along the barren ground,
And ghastly Famine darkly prowled around:—

Roused by the gen'ral anguish, and intent
To soothe for those around the dread event,

Bertha her own dismay of heart forgot,
In gen'rous pity of the common lot.
No longer tarrying on the spot where last
Her lover's accents lingered on the blast;
No longer waiting with presageful fear,
The footsteps of each coming messenger;
But in the hut, where poverty in dread
Hoarded the fragments of its scanty bread,
Where age bewailed the length of years, which gave
A close to life more hideous than the grave;
She soothed with kindly aid, with mingling prayer,
The murmurs and forebodings of despair.
And tho' the years, th' appointed years, were o'er,
And Eberhard returned not, tho' no more
In lover's guise he wrote, her heart was grown
Too sad to muse o'er sorrows of its own.
But oh! the tidings that aroused at length
Her grief, and quelled her bosom's boasted strength!
Till, like a very woman, bitterest tears
Revealed its secret agonies and fears.

O'er Florence, where the loitering Eberhard
The well-earned spoils of fame and honour shared,
Hovering in awful wrath, th' almighty hand
Smote with destruction the devoted land.
The plague, the spotted pest, the deathly scourge,
From eastern climes, borne o'er the trembling surge,
Gazed on the blooming face of Italy,
Which withered, crushed beneath her evil eye!

Then countless thousands passed away unwept;
No tender mourner watched them as they slept,
Or lingered by their grave, while one by one,
They perished, hopeless, helpless, and alone.
And thus a horrid nameless dread combined
With fond affection's doubts in Bertha's mind.
Waking, in dreams, where'er she turned her eyes,
The absent form she loved appeared to rise,
Dying or dead, untended, desolate,
Seeking her aid, deploring now too late
His long protracted stay; or livid, cold,
Plunged in the loathsome pit whose sides enfold

The common mass of base mortality,
That taints the freshness of the summer sky.

In that affliction of the drooping world,
When o'er her mast the sail of commerce furled,
Forgot awhile its busy task,—when toil
Resigned to barrenness the sick'ning soil;
When human passions in the human breast
Centred in selfish terror unreprest;
Still doomed to haunt th' infected city's towers,
Dreading to bear to his paternal bowers
That loathed contagion, oft and bitterly
Did Eberhard deplore the destiny
Of grief and fears, which could not be removed
From those far-absent hearts so fondly loved.

Months passed away, dark months, and Death at length,
Like some dread monster weltering in his strength
Beside his prey,—within his gloomy cave
Retired, nor sought fresh victims for the grave.

And man, awaking with bewildered glance
From the wild visions of his dizzy trance,
Strove with unsteady hand, and sinking heart,
In those lone scenes to play his wonted part.
While the deserted barrenness of earth,
The desolation of the icy hearth
Whose household gods lay shattered, struck anew
Each sorrowing heart that shunned the sickening view.
The loved of youth, whose being wrapt in theirs
Had shared their earliest hopes, and soothed their cares;
The loved of age, whose lingering looks had cast,
Such long, such treasured records of the past
O'er life's decline, all, all were swept away.
Then rose that gentle plaint, (9) whose deathless lay
Mourning the loveliest of the newly dead,
Like some eternal laurel's boughs, hath spread
Thro' ages of unvarying sunshine, still
Amid decay, bright and immutable!

Months passed away, dark months; another spring,
O'er wood and valley gaily blossoming,

Dawned on the gloomy earth with gentle light;
And summer came at length, serene and bright,
But Eberhard still lingered far away,
Regardless of the grief his long delay
Had wrought for those he loved, or seemed to love;
Still, still afar his vagrant footsteps rove,
And yet no tidings yield a brief relief
To the long, weary, watchfulness of grief.

At length the long-sought letter came; alas!
Tho' late, too soon, for thus its tenor was:—
"That he had lingered long, had long delayed
To come, or send; and thus perchance had made
A deeper wound where most he wished to prove
No feeling save a sire's, a sister's love.
That since his near approach must needs disclose
The secret whence his long delay arose,
'Twere better told at once, that he was *wed*."—
Thus far aloud the wond'ring father read,
Then dashed the scroll to earth, and then again
Seized it, and with a kind of fierce disdain

Read on":—" That she who shared his marriage vow,
Good, fair, and chaste, and nobly born, was now
The mother of his heir, and that his breast
Seemed by that tie with deeper love imprest.
That when the fatal pestilence was poured
In wrath o'er Florence by th' Almighty Lord,
She of an ancient house alone was left;
That he had found her of all aid bereft,
Striving with feeble hands to make a grave
For those her filial care had failed to save,
Lest in the common pit's dark sepulchre
The forms should be entombed, she held so dear.
And that within their garden's grove his aid
Had, in a calmer grave, their ashes laid.
He said the graceful form,—scarce marked at all
In prosp'rous days within that lordly hall,
Howe'er its sunny loveliness had won
All hearts on which its beaming beauty shone,—
Had now in sorrow's hour of solitude,
And orphan helplessness, his heart subdued.

" And," so he wrote, " my father, when thine eye
Beholds my boy in playful infancy,
Around her neck his little arms entwine,
And cling to that fond heart, so truly mine,
Wilt thou refuse, in stern relentless pride,
Thy blessing to mine unoffending bride?

" If thou, dear Bertha, wilt receive in her
A sister newly found, a wanderer
From her own home and country, and forget
The fruitless past, we may be happy yet.
And though I feel the blame which still must rest
Upon my roving eye and faithless breast;
Though mine accusing heart must still upbraid
With thoughts of early fondness, ill repaid;
Yet, since the past may not be now reversed,
Since all is o'er, when the surprise, which first
These tidings will awaken, shall subside,
Oh! 'let not vain regrets, nor wounded pride,
Teach unforgiveness to the kindest heart
That ever lent to earth an angel's part.

At early morn to-morrow, we shall come;
And oh! in mercy let me find a home,
And unabated tenderness, where most
Avail affection's treasures won or lost.
Mine anchored galley in the Rhine restores
Again to these fond eyes my native shores
Unchanged; if those I love their truth retain,
I shall not breathe the breath of life in vain!"

END OF PART THE FIRST.

PART THE SECOND.

———" She murmured not;
Or if she murmured, 'twas but with a smile,
Which while it gently chid, forgave the wrong.
She nothing uttered, yet her eyes were full;
And as we parted, turned her head aside
To hide the tears which fell upon her cheek;
And wrung my hand with such a piteous fondness
As might have waked a soul of adamant;
And, like the prophet's touch from Horeb's rock,
The very image of her heavenly patience
Wrung forth repentant drops."—TOBIN.

THE

TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

PART THE SECOND.

DID Bertha plead? did Raïsciac lend an ear
Unto the accents of a voice so dear?
Alas! when, after many an effort vain,
She heard and understood the whole,—the pain,
The deep, deep, bitter pain so heavily
Smote on her heart, that from her wand'ring eye
The sense of life seemed fled; and wan despair
Sat throned in stillness on her forehead fair.
Nor touch, nor sound availed; she felt not,—heard
Nor vain remonstrance, nor consoling word,
Yet, when the sudden shock that numbed her brain
Was past, they almost wished it come again;

So painful was the faint expressive smile
With which she strove their terrors to beguile;
So fraught with grief's sad eloquence, the tone
That murmured forth, "The will of heaven be done."

But when she sought of those around to know
How Raïsciac met the unexpected blow,
With deep dismay she heard that instantly
He had called forth his wond'ring vassalry,
And in his tone of deadliest ire, proclaimed
That Eberhard should ne'er henceforth be named
Within his hearing, nor his op'ning door
Unclose to welcome home the wand'rer more.
That should some recreant vassal dare afford
Shelter or succour to the exiled lord,
The castle's deepest dungeon was prepared,
To be his hospitality's reward.
A scroll, close sealed, they said was given to one
To meet the offender, and the Count alone
Wept not throughout the lands of Eberstein,
That a domestic feud should threaten thus its line.

And Bertha wept, and hers were purer tears
Than those awakened by the selfish fears
Of the dependants of his house. She wept,
Not that the heart she cherished had not kept
Its honourable faith,—not that a face
Of brighter beauty could her own efface,—
Nor blighted love, nor early hopes destroyed,
Nor that the gloomy future's cheerless void,
Had lost its visioned promise to her eye:—
No! virtue claims a nobler sympathy
For the firm mind wherein her temple stands,
And purer homage offers, and demands:—
She wept the homeless exiles' dreary fate,
The angry father's unforgiving hate;—
She wept the wife, the mother, doomed to prove,
The baneful influence spreading from her love
To those so dear, now fated forth to roam,
When earnest most to reach a long-sought home—
And last, her tears in deeper sorrow fall,
To feel herself th' unwilling cause of all

And yet, tho' gifted with a soul as high
As ever woke to immortality,
So tempered was it with frail human clay,
And woman's feebler nature of decay,
That still she shrank from venturing to oppose
Her timid voice, and gentle prayers, and those
Fond breathings of a sorrowing heart that speak
Of grief, to paint whose pangs all words were weak,
To Raïsciac's angry tones, and furious eye,
Dark as the storms that shake a polar sky.
She knew his stern inexorable soul,
Impatient, spurned his gentler heart's control;
Prompt in resolve, and from his will unmoved,
E'en by the sorrow of the child he loved.

And so, with patient aspect, to conceal
The bosom grief she could not choose but feel,
She waited his approach, but sought it not,
And lingered all the lonely day, forgot
Within her bower,—a day which seemed to last
With endless light, nor could she wish it past;

For what could chance upon the dawning morrow
But themes for deep remorse, and lasting sorrow.

A sultry eve at length closed in the day;
Not shining brightly down with glowing ray,
But the still air hung heavy; not a breath
Stirred the tall trees, or played the boughs beneath.
No fragrant dew refreshed the earth's dark breast,
Nor brought a solace to the heart, opprest
By that unwonted temperature. The sky—
The earth—the air—seemed fraught with mystery.
At length when all was hushed, at midnight came
The large slow rain drops, then the lightning's flame
Quick, quick, in wild succession o'er the sky,
And thunder peals roaring incessantly,
That through the woods, and o'er the battlement
Their bursts of deep prophetic fury sent.
And with each horrid crash appeared to rock
The very tower that trembled with the shock;
Where Bertha knelt in silent grief, alone
Retaining calmness in her look and tone.

It seemed as though those warring elements
Restored her spirit to its better sense;—
It seemed as though the voice of heaven, which spake
Dismay and awe to all around, could wake
A calm confiding rapture in her soul,
So peacefully she heard the thunders roll,
And saw th' Almighty hand outstretched to throw
The bolt of death;—and, fearless of the blow,
Arose, and through the open lattice gazed,
Where o'er the void expanse the lightnings blazed
In lurid splendour opening o'er the sky.
She heard the piercing blast scream fitfully,
She heard the swelling water's deep'ning roar,
And blest the storm whose fatal terrors wore
The promise of delay, a brief delay.
Vain were her hopes, before the dawn of day,
The breezes one by one had died, and given
A glorious freshness to the cloudless heaven;
And ere the forest herdsman's early horn
In mellow blasts proclaimed the perfect morn,

The radiant east revealed with all its light
The beauteous influence of the storm of night;
Shining, as tho' to welcome home again
The wand'ring pair, for whom its beams are vain.
While Bertha's eyes, unvisited by sleep,
Beheld the liquid light o'er flood and steep
Expand in bright luxuriance, till she heard
Breaking the hush of night, the matin bird
First breathe its single snatch of harmony,
Then soaring thro' the splendours of the sky,
Prolong its notes of rapture, as it rose!
She turned away, to weep into repose;
But wept, yet rested not; the faintest noise
The half formed, listening sleep of grief destroys.
The stirring leaves—a distant door—the sound
Of menial clamour—like a sudden wound
Urged her to start, and half arise, and then
Turn weeping from the face of day again:
And then the stillness, like an omen, smote
The anxious ear that caught each stir remote.

At length, when half exhausted by her tears,
Too weak she felt to bear her further fears,
Horses approached with trampling feet, and straight
A wild confusion at the outer gate;—
A hasty cry, a general murmur came.—
Then sudden silence. But her sinking frame
Relieved the madd'ning tumult of her breast,
A deathlike faintness spared her from the rest.

She saw them not, that bright but guilty pair.—
The young Italian, with her raven hair
Bound o'er the dazzling whiteness of her brow,
And cheeks where youth's fresh hues of beauty glow,
Leaning on him, whose faith she had believed
Till now, too soon, too coldly undeceived!

And there they stood with wond'ring looks to see
The silence and the stern solemnity
That greeted them around. A messenger
Approached at length, with looks of doubt and fear,

And bending low to Eberhard, who gazed
By his reluctant terror more amazed,
Spake with unwilling voice his harsh command,
And gave his father's letter to his hand.

He blenched not when the tidings of the scroll
Betrayed their cruel purport to his soul;
But worthy of the firmness of his race,
His father's soul shone out upon his face.
His lip just quivered with the struggling smile
Of bitter feeling—but his brow the while
Remained unknit, unfurrowed—and his eye
Preserved its steadfast glance unmovedly,
Yet did a sort of restless consciousness
O'ershade the spirit of his prompt address,
As if that letter had at length revealed
Harsh tidings of himself, which he had sealed
From his own secret heart. Dark truths were there
Of honour lost; of broken faith to her
Who had been true and faithful in despite
Of his disloyal falsehood; all that knight

Should shun as base and vile, or man disdain;
Had on his bosom shed its hateful stain.
He felt it just, but scorned that other eyes
Should pry into his bosom's sad surprise.

He looks upon his bride—he does not speak—
But soothes away the tear-drops from her cheek,
And holds her closely to his heart awhile;
Then turns him calmly round with softened smile
To greet the gathering crowd, whose murmurs reach
His heart, more nearly than he trusts to speech;
And with a look, a motion of the hand,
That scarce assumes, and yet implies command,
He bids them cease; and on their lips expire
Their angry imprecations 'gainst his sire;
While proffered hands and sorrowing looks express
Their eager sympathy in his distress.
For many an aged form, whose love had blest
His birth, was there, and many a youthful breast
Whose bounding heart in childhood's hour had shared
The pastimes of the noble Eberhard.

His courser's rein he slackens to depart;
And they, who note the fulness of his heart,
Urge not his stay, but with their blessings speed
The fierce impatience of his fretful steed.
Already gone, they see his distant train
The shadow of the greenwood arch regain.

And Eberhard hath reached the river shore;
And pausing there, he turns to gaze once more
Upon his father's halls, with ling'ring eyes,
Where tears of anguish, long represt, arise!
For the last time he gazeth on the scene;—
For the last time they mark his noble mien,
His manly grace, his bearing proud and high,
His foreign garb, the plumes that wavingly
Hang from his cap in hand, while bare of brow,
With looks where wild emotions fiercely glow,
And voice thro' passion half inaudible,
He breathes to earth and air, his wild farewell.
"Farewell for ever, with thy gloomy towers,
Lone cradle of my childhood's happier hours;

Farewell! henceforth an alien let me be!
I do renounce thee everlastingly!

Far, far from thee,—a home, an honoured name
My trusty sword shall proudly win from fame,
And from my sire, such fierce revenge, as may
His lavish gift of hate and scorn repay!

No daring feat, no laurelled deed of mine
Shall swell the lordly pride of Eberstein:
Thou, who canst spurn me thus, shalt never have
Ungrateful as thou art, my very grave!

Yet when afar, I seek, and seek in vain,
The accents of my country; when the strain
Of some returning exile shall renew
The bitterness of this long, last adieu;
When to my boy, whose lisping prayers demand
Already blessings on my fatherland,
I breathe the deadly curse, but no! 'twere vain,—
One yet unsevered tie I still retain.

My mother's grave, my father's ashes, yet
Forbid my bleeding bosom to forget
Its past affection, though I leave thee now,
With hate and deep defiance on my brow!

Farewell to Eberstein, farewell to all
Those early joys which time will ne'er recall.
Farewell! henceforth an alien let me be,
I do renounce ye everlastingly!"

Such were his parting words; nor ever more
Was heard his voice upon that river shore.
And when they saw his lessening form, afar
Glance in the sunshine like a lonely star
Upon the evening sky, they turned away
To weep the chance of that disastrous day;
And in the silence of each saddened home,
Dwelt with prophetic fears on ills to come,
From the revengeful hate that seemed to fire
The mutual feelings of the son and sire.

In the calm stillness of the evening hour,
Raïsciac returned in silence to the tower ;
Nor sought by look or question to recall,
Aught that had chanced since he had left his hall.
Yet some new feeling to his gloomy eye,
Imparted looks of strange intensity,
Which oft in after times, the menial crew,
Who now with shuddering terror shunned his view ;
Traced to some dark communion wild and lone,
Sought in the shade with the unearthly one,
For fiendish counsel on that fatal morn.
Meanwhile, with toil opprest, with travel worn,
In Bertha's bower he sits, nor seems to know
Whence springs the sadness of her gentle brow.

One twilight hour remained to fade away
Before the close of the departing day,
That with sweet smile its farewell gleamings cast,
Ere in the searchless bosom of the past,
Sealed in oblivion ; and the hovering beam
Of chastened light, like some soft summer dream

Crept thro' the slender windows, and around,
Stole like the breathing of melodious sound,
Upon the floor full many a varying hue
Caught from the richly-pictured frame, it threw.
The milk-white hound that couched beside the chair,
The fretted crucifix of silver fair,
That decked the pannelled wall, of solemn oak,
Beneath its beam to brighter splendour woke.
But not one ray of gladness fell upon
Dark Raïsciac's brow, or on his vestments shone;
Save when at intervals, there glanced beneath
His arm a jewelled hilt; the sable sheath
Still hung in shade. And there he sate, alone;
Like some mailed warrior wrought in sculptured stone,
That o'er a monument in stately form,
Records the perished victim of the worm,
Mute--rigid—cold, in lifeless mockery!
And when the changeful sun-beam glancingly
Rose, and revealed the paleness of his brow,
He raised his mailed arm with action slow,

That scarcely seemed a living impulse, and
Veiled his stern visage with his iron hand.
Frightful it was, in breathing frame to mark
A mien so passionless, so coldly dark;
While lost in silent thought, he sits, nor sees
The form of loveliness that clasps his knees.
Sees not how bright the evening rays appear,
Shed round his gentle Bertha, kneeling there;
Nor hears how oft she strives to speak, in vain:
While lingering there with unavailing pain,
Till the last ray is past, and solemn gloom,
With deepening shadows dim, obscures the room;
Veiling the changeful cheek, the tearful eye,
Which shun the fond observer's sympathy.
"Father!" Her gentle accents soft and clear,
Fall with a startling sound on Raïsciac's ear.
"Father, if ever in our happier hour,
Thy child's, thy Bertha's voice or prayer had power
To soothe thy spirit in its grief, or move
Thy sorrowing thoughts from strife, to peace and love;

Ah! hear me—hear my prayers in pity, now,
While yet the tears of grief forbear to flow;
While yet from Heaven I gain the strength to tell
The thoughts that in my bursting bosom swell.

"And if, perchance, I anger thee, or grieve
Thy mind with deeper agony, believe—
Believe—that not in peevish sorrow weak,
Or pride of soul, or selfishness, I speak
Of mine own grief; believe that I would spare
Thy heart the sorrows *mine* is doomed to bear
But soon it were too late. I feel, e'en now,
Upon my cheek a fatal hectic glow;
'I hear a voice thou canst not hear,' I see
An opening grave that spreads its turf for me!
Oh! turn not thus away! I must—I must—
Appeal unto thy heart, ere yet to dust
Returned, this mortal frame shall cease to move
The tenderness of thy paternal love!

I was not formed to linger long on earth:—
From the first gloomy moment of my birth,
Grief seemed to haunt my steps, and on my heart
Affix a seal, whose trace shall ne'er depart.
'Twined with my life, a sense of sorrow grew,
That slept at times, but ever waked anew;
For death's stern mandate with mine infant years
Effaced each tie that infancy endears:
My father fell in arms—my mother died—
And one by one, her children by her side,
Slept cold in death. But I, a lonely child,
Survived to wander on, through life's dark wild.
All that was mine had perished—save thy love!
Which, like a blessed day-spring from above,
Shone on the darkness of my desert fate,
Till I forgot that I was desolate!

"Thou dost not mark me—yet I needs must tell
Once more a tale of grief thou know'st too well;
And to thy mind recall, that 'tis not now
My heart hath learnt to bleed, my tears to flow—

That not to-day the sudden wound was given,
Which bids me seek my future peace in Heaven;
But that my feeble frame from childhood still
With effort, seemed its being to fulfil;
That, in our infant sports, my voice was ne'er
Heard rising into laughter on the air;
Nor my cheek flushed with mirth, like others, seen
Nor my step gay like theirs upon the green,
Nor mine eye joyous, nor my brow elate;
For, with the prescience of a bitter fate,
My heart hung heaviest still when theirs was glad—
Alas! how deep the store of grief it had!
Remembrances of those untimely fled,
And knowledge of the grave, and of the dead
Which chills the mind of youth. 'Twas this endeared
The fostering kindness which my spirit cheered
With all a father's tenderness of tone;
'Twas this, which bound so deeply to mine own
That other heart, which now estranged, is lost
To her who prized its loved endearments most.

To her, but not to thee,—oh! not to thee—
For soon alone its kindred pulse will be
Responsive unto thine on earth—alone
He will remain for thee, when *I* am gone.
My father, oh! my father, 'tis in vain
We strive to break the bonds of nature's chain;
Love may forget, and Friendship fickle prove,
But who can rend the holy tie of love
Between a child and parent—holiest, best,
And closest union of the human breast!

"In mercy, then, thine exiled son recall
To thy lost favour, and ancestral hall,
Nor from disdainful pride, reject a heart
In which thine own retains so dear a part.
Thy son—his child—his wife—are thine, and hold
Ties on thy heart, which cannot be controlled;
Recall them hither, and to them transfer
That fondness which the orphan wanderer,

In other days, from thine affection won.
Hear me, dear father! and recall thy son,
And pardon all the past, as I have done."

He pressed the hand he held within his own;
Then whispering nearer, in a feeble tone,
The trembling Bertha said, "And since, although
My heart, my mind, may rise above the blow
With patience and with meekness—oh! not yet
Can time or reason teach me to forget!
Then let me not, like some pale spectre, roam
Amid the haunts of mine accustomed home,
Where all beside are gay. I dare not see
The joy that proves such bitterness to me!
Nor would I that the tears which fain must fall,
Should blight their bridal wreath. To Lichtenthal,
Let me direct my weary steps;(10) or where,
By the lone Alb, my mother's sepulchre,
Rising amid Heaven's holy temple, shews
To my worn heart a haven of repose,

Let me to God in silence dedicate
The few brief days which close mine earthly fate.
Those fondly plighted vows, which to my heart
New hopes, new duties, promised to impart,
Are broken; and the earthly love which still
Forbade my soul its calling to fulfil,
Hath past away, and on my sinking mind
Left the deep impress of its power behind.

" The flower once blighted, time alone can bring
To wonted beauty by the breath of spring;
The heart once broken is alone restored
By the bright spring tide of the eternal Lord.
And oh! how longs this withered heart, to feel
The sun that brightens, and the gales that heal;
That yield repose, and vanished hope restore,
In those blest realms where winter frowns no more!"

Her soft, but earnest tones, her pleading tears,
Her voice, which faltering sorrow more endears,

Have found their way unto the stubborn breast
Where Bertha's throbbing brow hath sought to rest;
And tears wrung forth in agony, are shed
Full, fast, and bitter, on her leaning head!
Thro' childhood's tears the rays of hope shine bright,
Like morning suns that rise in dewy light;
And woman's are but as the passing showers,
Which freshen, as they fall, the summer bowers;
Her very frown is gentle as the shade
By hovering clouds o'er softest moonlight made.
But manly grief is like the storm that raves
Untamed and awful mid the ocean waves;
And manly tears yield no relief, but glow
Like floods of lava, burning as they flow.

And oh! with what a burst of sorrow came
The chill of grief o'er Raïsciac's iron frame,
While, writhing thus beneath affliction's power,
He turned with fond emotion to the hour
When in his arms, upon her bed of death,
The mother of his son, with feeble breath,

But changeless love—had that last blessing given,
With which her blameless spirit soared to Heaven.
He thought upon the moment, when her child
Alone his widowed sadness had beguiled;
He thought upon the day when first her son
Had in the field a blood-earned trophy won;
And on his knightly deeds he dwelt, elate,
With pride that mocked even now the power of fate.

Then came, to damp his feeling's wakening glow,
Remembrance of his sister's stainless brow;
Patient and meek, in sorrow's calm decay,
Pining in silent wretchedness away
For her lost lord; and then with deeper chill,
He seemed to gaze upon a grassy hill,
Where lay the friend he loved, whose death-wound gave
A deadlier pang to him he died to save.
He thought of Bertha in her orphan grief,
Looking to him, for solace and relief,
And urging with her mother's eye of blue,
Her father's brow, her claims to love anew.

He thought of all her years of patient duty—
Her faultless heart—her unpretending beauty—
And then of that pale lovely cheek decaying
Beneath the touch of grief, which long delaying
With treacherous promise spares awhile. He thought
That like her mother, with a heart o'erwrought
By feelings for her nature too intense,
She too, in youth's fair hour of innocence,
Might to the grave go down in loveliness!
Then, as he held her in a fast caress,
He wept again,—again—and sought in vain
To steel his heart, or calm his throbbing brain;
And could but speak in broken words to her:—
"My child—we must not part! dear comforter
And solace of my age—live—live—to be
The blessing of mine evil destiny!
Yet urge me not, while still perplexed, my mind
And purpose to thy heart appear unkind;
Time—time may teach a gentler lesson!—yet,
Ere I have learnt to pardon or forget,

Breathe not his name, nor recollections wake,
Which I would cherish, but for thy dear sake!
And thou! pale sufferer—smile in peace again,
And prove these vague forebodings doubly vain."
He rose, and blessed her with his parting hand;
Then with his wonted look of stern command,
And self-disdaining pride, he went his way;
And never from that well-remembered day
Named he his absent son; till deeper grief
Taught his harsh soul the value and relief
Of fond affection's sympathy—too late
To save them from the dark revenge of fate!

END OF PART THE SECOND

PART THE THIRD.

" She dwelt amid the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.
She past away, and who could tell
  When Lucy ceased to be?
But she is in her grave, and oh!
  The difference to me!"—WORDSWORTH.

THE

TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

PART THE THIRD.

WHERE o'er the Murg th' ascending pathway twines
Amid the stately groups of gloomy pines,
So proudly arched, they scarcely seem to shed
A shade upon the fibrous earth you tread;
And chastening only with their boughs on high
The light that spreads beneath mysteriously;
Upon the cliff, a lonely chapel stands,
Raised by some holy hermit's pious hands,
Even on the spot, where heavenly music stole,
Through midnight silence, o'er his raptured soul,
Revealing thus the presence of his God.—
And let not those whose footsteps never trod

These deep, majestic solitudes, that wear
A visionary beauty, fraught with fear,
Scorn the fond mind, which loneliness can teach
A language nobler far than mortal speech;
Nor the wild visions of a heart despise,
That lends an ear to nature's harmonies;
And tracks throughout her paths, with reverent eye,
The glorious footsteps of the Deity!

In peaceful solitude's enchanted hour,
To deeper feeling, and to nobler power,
The human mind by self-communion wrought,
Lost in the boundless mysteries of thought,
Wanders perplexed through vast infinity;
Then baffled by its feeble scrutiny,
Shrinks from its dizzy grasp—recoils dismayed
By its own awful empire so surveyed—
Restricts its flight to earth—and seeks in all
That dwells around a mind reciprocal;
With its own powers material things endues,
And brightens lifeless forms with living hues;

Lends to the rock, the cavern, and the wave,
Respondent souls, which nature never gave;
Till earth and air their fancied spells confess,
And solitude forgets her loneliness!

And thus, in those fair climes where summer light
Is showered in bounteous glory, clear and bright,
And airs breathe balmy o'er each blossomed grove,
And blue and boundless as the heaven above,
The sea swells softly to the shore, and lies
Where vine-crowned cliffs of snow-white marble rise,
In still repose, forgetful of its flow;—
Where fig and laurel—vine and olive grow
In rich profusion—where the citron flowers
Mingle with golden fruit in self-wreathed bowers—
And joy appears in things inanimate,
To soothe the gloomy hours of earthly fate;
Where, lured from gorgeous roofs to that vast dome
Which lends to all mankind its ample home;
Where, won from silken couches to the bed
Of soft green turf, by bounteous nature spread,—

O'er wood and vale—o'er hill and flowery field—
Dispersed where'er the sheltering thickets yield
Their lone umbrageous calm—o'er Tempè's vale,
The Grecian shepherds wooed each passing gale;—
Where no unhallowed murmur dare intrude
To startle nature in her solitude;
And all was still and noiseless as a dream,
Or the lone halcyon brooding o'er the stream,
Till silence became eloquent, and spoke
In voiceless things, and answering tones awoke.

The star that trembles on the evening sky—
The harbinger that heralds morn on high—
Won a new being; fountain. cave, and flower,
Became instinct with life and living power,
And fancy lent, in her bewildering dream,
Nyuiphs to the grot, and naïads to the stream.

The crag o'er whose stern brow the clustering vine,
With blushing fruitage warm, delights to twine,

Imaged Silenus' rugged face; the breeze
Borne through the grove with swelling melodies,
Revealed the sylvan Pan's wild minstrelsy;
And the white foam that skirts the summer sea,
Rising with sportive splendour o'er the wave
And silvery sands, to love's warm fancy gave
The form of beauty's queen; the sudden storm,
Whose arrowy bolts the face of day deform,
Set forth the might of Heaven's eternal lord,
And Jove, the thunderer, frowned—and earth adored.

Then rose the marble fanes, where heaven-born art
Heaped its proud incense with uplifted heart;
The shapely column learnt its purest grace,
And sculpture 'woke, her visioned dream to trace,
And every inspiration, fondly caught
From hill or dale by solitary thought,
Transferred to earthly forms—revealed to man
Things too sublimely vast for mind to scan.
The Godhead stood depicted visibly,
Wrought in mere semblance of mortality,

And wondering eyes the vain deception sealed,
And art adored what nature's self revealed.

The human mind, whose secret consciousness
Had learnt one sole Creator to confess,
Leant on the fond delusion with delight,
Which gave the unknown Deity to sight;
And o'er the world the impious worship ran
Which yielded gods and temples unto man.
Till He, who dwelleth on th' eternal throne,
The unspeakable—the sole—the mighty One,
Smote the vain idols to the dust, and gave
A glorious faith that triumphs o'er the grave.

E'en where their long deserted temples stood,
The earth's first youth endures; the river flood
Wails on; the trees still shed their umbrage o'er
The rising mountain, and the rock-girt shore;
But they are gone for evermore, with all
Their sacred rites and off'rings mystical;
They are departed—earth-born deities!
Shaped in the image of vain man that dies,

Like him, in fragile weakness swept away,
They perished in the baseness of decay.
Mute is the Delphic voice—Dodona's shade
Is silent now; and clinging weeds invade
Each hallowed pile, whose vast and pillared pride
The ire of man, the power of time defied;
And o'er their fall, the cross, triumphant, rears
Its sign of promise through eternal years:
No idle pomp its humble rites display,
No vain delusions wild uphold its sway;
No sacrifice its altar-stone demands;
No symbol of its greatness, made with hands;
But to the lowly and the penitent,
A sacred messenger of grace was sent;
And for the contrite heart, the humble brow,
The fountains of his endless mercies flow.
The star that rose o'er Bethlehem, on high
Still beams, a pledge of immortality,
And in the kingdom of the Prince of peace,
Joy will be perfected, and sorrow cease.

And surely never by a purer breast,
Were hopes of future blessedness confest;
Never was gentler form, or holier mind,
Through Christian faith, to Heaven's high will resigned,
Than Bertha's. Patiently inured to feel
Death's icy footsteps on her bosom steal
With slow approach—to see, each passing day,
Some cherished hope recede—some power decay;
Within that lonely chapel of the wild,
Daily she knelt in joy, serene and mild—
Still pleading, not for lengthened being, not
For mitigation of her gloomy lot,
But for forgiveness, and for strength to bear
Her faith's last fearful trial—now so near.

Raïsciac, content that time would soon restore
Her brow to health, her mind to peace, forbore
Upon her silent sorrow to intrude;
But when he saw in daily solitude
Her cheek wax paler, and her strength grow less,
He watched her with more anxious tenderness.

One day, when he had marked her feebly tread
The lonely path that to the chapel led,
Threading the pine's dark stems—and pausing oft,
And then with gentle footsteps slow and soft,
Reaching the Klingel's sacred altar, where
She bowed her lowly head in humblest prayer,—
Unseen, he knelt beside her—and unseen,
He heard her plead to leave this earthly scene
For those blest realms of joy, that realize
The hopes by faith revealed to mortal eyes.
He heard her, when her whispered prayer was done,
Breathe forth her evening anthem, in the tone
Whose gentle eloquence befits the best,
A theme the purest and the holiest.
And as she rose, and turned her to depart,
He gazed upon her form with heavy heart,
To see the promise which its frailty gave
Of that dark close of evil hours, the grave!
Then led her forth into the evening air;
And as their homeward footsteps wandered there,

He strove to speak, in cheerful voice, of things
Unapt to move the memory's wanderings.
" Of courts and cities—tilts and tournaments—
Of rumoured war—and terrors waking thence
In shepherd's cot, and gentle maiden's bower."
Or stooped at intervals to seek the flower
She loved—or gazing upwards on the sky,
Promised the morrow's sunshine jestingly.
And then with looks that sought to smile, he told
How Zähring's prince with love still uncontrolled,
Arrayed his festal hall, and decked his court
To lure her footsteps to its gay resort.
Of masques he told, that lacked her presence, where
The restless lover roamed, still seeking her;
Of greenwood feastings by the Mummelsee,(11)
Where spreading lilies shelter gracefully
The guardian nymph's bright palace; or beside
The silver brook, whose waters loneliest glide.
And then he told, with mimic terror, how,
Made desperate by the coldness of her brow,

The Zähringen, with stately armament,
Threatened his lands and heritage, intent
On one fair captive. "How," he said, "and where
Wilt thou escape the rage of his despair?"
She raised her hand to Heaven, and answered, "There!"

And though she sought to smile, the tears were falling
Down her wan cheek and bosom, past recalling,
While striving in her wonted voice to speak,
Which had but mocked the paleness of her cheek:
"Albert of Zähring, on his haughty throne
Must place some prouder, fairer, happier one;
The lonely shroud *my* bridal garb must be—
The death-bell peal *my* bridal revelry.
Oh! thou dost mock me, thus in cheering voice,
To speak of love and joy, and bridal choice,
To one for whom the grave is opening wide.
Say, in mine hour of gladness, did my pride
Demand a sceptred hand, or jewelled state?
No! had it chanced to be my happier fate,

Within the walls of Eberstein, where first
The vain affection of my heart was nurst,
To rule with matron gentleness, to bear
A wife's mild duty, and a mother's care;—
To welcome him I loved from danger home,
And smile away his future wish to roam;
Through life's long day, with him serene to prove
The sunshine and alternate shade of love,
Till evening's peaceful hour should bring at last
A blessed calm, more dear than all the past;
This had been joy, oh! joy indeed! But now
Look on the deathly paleness of my brow,
And own that all my hopes of youth are gone,
Save the cold grave, where I must rest alone!
And let that grave within yon Klingel be,
There, where we parted—where from infancy
We knelt together, and with mutual prayer
Hallowed our daily vows, long plighted there,
Oh! how can beings who have fondly walked
Together in the Lord—together talked

Of Heaven, as of one common heritage,
Break their pure faith, and in new ties engage!—
How with the skill which past affection gives,
Wound the fond heart wherein their image lives!"

She spake; and Raïsciac, willing to oppose
The feelings whence her present fears arose,
Exclaimed, "My child! it is not thus thy heart
Was wont to bear affliction's fated part.
This is mere maiden fantasy; and thou,
Who seest the many griefs that cloud my brow,
Might'st spare me this." He looked upon her face,
Where a wan smile strove vainly to efface
That struggling agony of shame which tries
To veil the writhing bosom's agonies;
And caught her up, and in his arms concealed
The deep, deep anguish by that look revealed.
And when he spake to her again, his tone
Was changed into a hoarse yet sadder one—
And when again he gazed on her, his eye
Had lost its wonted stern austerity.

And though he ne'er avowed the fears that came
From Bertha's changing cheek, and wasting frame,
Nor owned to others or himself the dread
Roused by her wandering eye, and faltering tread,
Yet fonder every night his parting blessing—
Kinder, at morning greeting, his caressing—
And more intense became, and tenderer,
The looks of love wherewith he gazed on her.
And she, although she never named again
The subject of their deep and mutual pain,
Consoled her heart by feeling that the hour
Would soon approach, when with the deeper power
That dying prayers assume, she might once more
Renew the fond request denied before.

Cheerful she was—and laboured to appear
Forgetful of each past foreboding fear.
Her midnight couch no selfish tears bedewed;
Her evening walk, of silent solitude,
Was ne'er prolonged a peevish grief to hide;
But each accustomed duty seemed to glide

Unmarked, and yet fulfilled. Her gentle smile
Still shone around, and from her lips the while,
Nor murmuring accent fell, nor plaint betrayed
The wreck that grief had in her bosom made.
The sick, the aged, still her coming blest,
When by their pillow, like an angel guest,
She sate and spake of God, and heavenly things.
And if at times in memory's wanderings,
The bitter past renewed its wound, she sought
In occupation a relief from thought;
Tending the fading flowers, which well she knew
Would ne'er for her their spring-tide sweets renew;
Or seeking in the sacred book, that charm
Which pain can soothe, and deadliest grief disarm.
And those who tended her, and wept to see
Her gentle heart thus wasting patiently,
Soothed her with tenderest care, while day by day
They saw the flower of beauty fade away.

Ah! surely those who thus, with breast resigned,
Tread through "the doubtful pass," nor gaze behind (19)

Upon the earth they leave, with all its ties,
Its fond delights, its cherished vanities;
But with uplifted brow, gaze steadfastly
On the bright dawning of eternity,
And life immortal—surely hopes are sent
Into their hearts, more deep and permanent!
The word of God may to the dying breast
Appear by surer signs made manifest,
And rays of promise may shine forth on high
For those "who put on immortality."
Thoughts that the living know not, they may have—
Instinctive dreams, that glance beyond the grave,
By Heaven's almighty power vouchsafed to cheer
The bosom shrinking from the lonely bier!
And thus at times there shone on Bertha's brow
A light that was not of the earth below;
And death approached with silent step, and seemed,
Awed by the bright intelligence that beamed
Around his victim, and his "pangless dart"
Fell gently on her unrepining heart,

One morn, they found her pale and motionless
Upon her couch; and sought by fond caress,
And chafing hand, to rouse her from her sleep—
In vain! those holy slumbers soft and deep
Will ne'er be broken, till the fearful word
Proclaims the second coming of the Lord.

The smile with which her soul had past away
Still lingered, like the parting beam of day,
Upon her cold, unvarying, placid brow,
Whose very beauty became painful now,
When, as they gazed in hopeless agony,
Its smiling calmness mocked each sorrowing eye.

Then Raïsciac came, with unbelieving look,
And in his own her hand unconscious took,
Gazed on her changeless cheek and forehead fair—
And leant and listened—not a breath was there!
And when at length, escaped his loosening hold
That hand of marble paleness, still and cold,

Fell lifeless down, a mass of stiffening clay
Upon the snowy sheet whereon it lay,
Then—then—the aged mourner knelt—and bowed
His head upon his hands—and wept aloud—
Calling on her who could not hear, to speak
Once more—but once!—and on her icy cheek,
He prest his quiv'ring lips, again—again—
Then started back, and shrank with sudden pain,
As crushed affection ever shrinks in dread
From the cold stillness of the newly dead!

And thus she hastened to her silent grave,
Whom prayers nor fondest love availed to save!
The world hath few such victims! 'Mid the strife—
The cares—the wants—the ties of human life,
Each varying passion claims alternate part
In ev'ry fond emotion of the heart;
But love was all to her—whose breast bereft
Of joy and hope at once, and lonely left
In solitude to pine her life away,
To blight of heart became an easy prey;

And passed from earth, as early violets die,
In secret shades exhaling to the sky;
And leaving on the desert air the trace
Of their unmarked and unobtrusive grace.

But there were those who ne'er could learn to gaze
Upon her lonely tomb in after days;
So tenderly her loved remembrance clung
Around the hearts of those she died among;
So fondly were her gracious virtues felt
By ev'ry breast where that remembrance dwelt.

"Whom the gods love, die young!" We, who outlive
Each blessing, first and best that life can give—
We, who in each revolving season prove
That time can nought bestow, and much remove—
Who find our early friendships pass away,
Ambition's hopes grow dim—and love's decay—
We, who in very loneliness of heart
Weep, while we mark each dream of youth depart,

Why should we mourn for those whose early doom
Redeems them from so many an hour of gloom;
Why should we sorrow that their happier fate
Steals them from earth, ere earth grows desolate?
They die, ere time can snatch away a charm,
With brows still beauteous, and with hearts still warm;
And a far dearer part in memory hold
Than all that living fondness can enfold.

Raïsciac, although the firmness of his soul
Was such as could all outward shew control
Of grief's oppression—though he scorned to wear
The semblance of his spirit's mute despair,
Yet did the painful sense of loneliness
Each day more deeply on his bosom press.
She had so tended—watched him—soothed him—sought
So to forestal each wish and wand'ring thought—
So to relieve his solitude, and share
His daily occupation, sport and care;—
So much a part she was of all around,
That long, how long! he listened for the sound

Of her sŏft tread; and, when a shadow past,
Looked up, as though 'twere Bertha come at last!
And when another spake, he paused as though
Waiting her answering accents, soft and low.
And once it chanced, that when a menial hand
Sought with officious care, without command
Some wonted task of her's to execute,
He gazed around at first, in wonder mute,
And then with 'wildered look, he called her name;
And wondered why she lingered still, nor came
At his first bidding with accustomed zeal;
Till, like a sudden blow, he seemed to feel
And recollect the cruel truth, and 'rose,
And with a kind of shrieking laugh, that froze
The listening ear of every stander-by,
He mocked his own strange loss of memory.

He would not let them touch a single flower
That strayed in desert wildness round her bower;
Nor rend away one weed that sprang anew
Where those untended flowers unheeded blew.

He would not let a single step profane
Her chamber, where repose and silence reign.
There lay the wreath of withering flowers, the lute,
So eloquent before, unstrung and mute—
The 'broidery frame, whose tissued tale half told,
Waited the skilful hand, now still and cold.
All held its wonted semblance. And the heart
Recoiled upon itself with pitying start,
At the remembrance of that lonelier room,
Veiling, with all the darkness of the tomb,
The fair and smiling victim, who will ne'er
Return from forth the marble sepulchre,
Where she lies shrouded, 'neath the altar stone
Which she had loved in life to kneel upon.

And when stern Raïsciac held his wonted way,
However near his path the Klingel lay,
Yet his averted footsteps never trod
Within the precincts of that house of God.
But far as barb could bear—or footstep roam—
Daily he wandered from his desert home,

Or in the chase, with furious zeal pursued,
Sought a brief refuge from its solitude.

Oft when the stars of Heaven shed forth their light,
And in the calm and " witching time of night,"
The wild Murg's moaning voice was heard to pour
Its lamentations to the midnight hour;
Where through the pines, the moon's pale beams came down
Trembling like Hope beneath Affliction's frown,
And shedding, with their chequered light and shade,
A charm of mystic grace, the mourner strayed
In vacant, chill unconsciousness; or stood
Upon the rock that overhangs the flood.
Lonely and lost, he scarcely seemed to mark
The wintry air how keen—the path how dark—
E'en though the crumbling snows beneath his feet,
E'en though the nipping blast, and driving sleet,
Endeared, to ev'ry breathing form beside,
Home's sheltering nook of rest, and warm fireside.

What did he there at such unwonted hour?
Had Heaven's unnumbered stars of light the power
To calm his grief, or raise his sorrowing soul
To Him who taught their wandering orbs to roll?

No! *Youth* with all its visions looks above
On Heaven's bright wonders, less with awe than love;
So exquisitely twined with each fair star
Of loveliness its hopes and passions are;
So closely with its varying dreams are blent
Those midnight wonders of the firmament.
To them, it breathes its aspirations high—
From them, dim glances of futurity
To the fond eye appear to emanate,
And half unveil the dark decrees of fate!
The deep and shadowy darkness hath a voice
That falls on listening feeling to rejoice,
And taste in calm intenseness of delight
The splendours and the mysteries of night.
Then stirs the bounding pulse—then beats the breast—
While nature lies entranced in holiest rest!

But *Age*, with all its cold realities—
For whom nor dreams unfold, nor hopes arise,
O'er whose chilled heart the past hath deeper power
Than all the promise of the future hour,
No midnight solitude in silence seeks,
Save to conceal upon its furrowed cheeks
The trace of tears—which ill beseem the eye
That wins from time its gentle majesty.

But there are griefs—yea, many griefs, that lie
Too deep for tears, too lone for sympathy;(13)
Which day by day more closely wind around
The heart that withers, crushed beneath their wound;
And those who best, their horrid spell could paint
Scorn earthly pity, and disdain complaint!
And when at length beneath th' oblivious seal
Of death, the broken heart forgets to feel,
It lies as cold—as still and silent lies,
As those who knew not nature's energies,
But dreamed their unimpassioned lives away.
Yet let me rescue from its dark decay,

One soul of mightiest powers, whose daring pride
The storm of evil destiny defied—
And braving long the wave and angry blast,
Fell wrecked in utter helplessness at last.

But vain it were from day to day to trace
That spirit wearying of its resting-place;
To note the sickness of the loathing heart,
Which sees the day arise, the day depart,
Weeks, months, and years unchanged, and changeless, pass,
While life remains all hopeless as it was!
Turning from earthly things with cold disdain,
Spurning the hopes which to the young and vain
Impart fresh impulses of life, and give
A trust, which bids us yet *endure* to live.
So Raïsciac lived—so lived, if life it were
To breathe a living statue of despair—
To hear, yet mark not—gaze, yet see not—seem
Like some bewildered image in a dream,
From which our shuddering natures shrink in dread,
A link between the living and the dead.

Years came and went—and still he lingered on,
That childless father of a sireless son—
And age, which should have found his withered form
Sheltered by fond affection from the storm
Of evil days, came o'er his head at length;
Till with enfeebled mind, and wasted strength,
The sad old man sat by his gloomy hearth
The loneliest outcast of this lonely earth.

Yet though so slight, so frail, appeared the tie
Which held him from the grave, his destiny
Forbade that gentle close of life, the bed
Of peace and love; and for his weary head,
Sinking beneath despair, and worn by time,
Prepared a refuge in a foreign clime.
For 'mid the peaceful woods of Eberstein,
The unsheathed sword was seen once more to shine
Once more the clang of arms, the war-cry 'rose,
To mar their gentle solitude's repose.

Against Helvetia's sons, at Albert's call, (14)
Raïsciac forsook at length his desert hall;
And strange it was, to see the 'wakening spark
Of passion dawn within those glances dark—
Dark as despair and death—when thus again
Summoned to bear his part on honour's plain,
Like wintry snows, which at the breath of spring
Pass from the face of earth, awakening
To renovated being—from his soul
The clouds of darkness seemed at once to roll.
He breathed—he spake—he trod on earth once more
Erect and stern—again his aspect wore
That intellectual pride which once adorned
The brow which knew not shame, and pity scorned.
While, winding down amid the pine-tree glade,
Now bright in sunshine—now obscured in shade,
A martial armament was seen to glide
In measured pomp along the mountain side;
With bannered trumpets marshalling the way,
And spears and axes in the dancing ray,

Gleaming at intervals. And as they past
The lonely Klingel, with a sudden blast,
Whose solemn, mournful shrillness, pierced the ear,
They paused a space, while sword, and lance, and spear,
Lowering their glittering points towards the earth,
Paid their last homage to departed worth.
And with bare hoary head, and casque in hand,
Raïsciac, with calm, enduring self-command,
The silent chapel past; then gave the word,
And waving high in air his gleaming sword,
Rode forth in single pride, before the band
Which owned allegiance to his stern command.

Why must I trace through all its gloom, a tale
Where tears of deep and changeless grief prevail;
Where not one ray adorns the clouded sky,
Where one sole flow'ret blooms, and blooms to die—
And all is deep and hollow, like the ground
Where echoing graves beneath our tread resound?

The sweetest music breathes in saddest tone,
The sweetest buds unfold when day is done;
And sorrow hath a melody that speaks
In sweetness to the very heart it breaks!
And though in grief and fear I paint a scene
Where the dark footsteps of Despair have been,
Where Patience, meek and gentle as she is,
Seems mocked with life's unsought perplexities,
Yet Hope, whose dreams forbid us to despond,
Whispers in tears, "There is a world beyond."

I linger now—with sad and shrinking soul—
Like one who shuddering seeks some dreaded goal,
And pausing by the way, from earth or sky
Seeks a brief respite, gazing mournfully.
Ah! why? howe'er my trembling heart may dread
The tale of human blood, in battle shed,
Yet surely Death, who lays the warrior low
With all his laurelled honours on his brow,
Comes not arrayed in half the horrid gloom
With which he hovers o'er the darkened room,

Where muffled steps, and bursting sighs supprest,
Teach a new sorrow to the dying breast!
Surely the peaceful bier, where cold and lone,
The young, the loved, recline—whose beauty shone
In brightness yesterday, and even now
With saintly glory decks the marble brow,
Lovely, and cold, and smiling in its shroud,
Sheds o'er the human mind a deeper cloud,
Than the vast plain where Honour watching nigh,
Weaves deathless garlands for the brave who die.

Yet was not Raïsciac's fate thus blest, although
He bared his bosom to the frequent blow;—
Though with that lust of death which deep despair
Lends to the desperate heart, he sought where'er
The battle raged, the ambush lurked, to find
Peace for his weary head, and troubled mind;
Still there was rescue—safety—life—for one
Who only lived to know himself undone.
E'en in that hour when Tatwyl's shattered wall,(15)
Beheld its fierce assailants baffled fall,

Led by that aged chief; even when opprest,
Encompassed by his foes—his unarmed breast
Bared to the coming blow—he saw the steel,
Gleaming above, his destiny reveal;
There came between him, and the death he sought,
An arm of might, whose desperate valour wrought
With power that seemed unearthly; and again
Raïsciac unharmed, arose from 'mid the slain.

And when the fight was o'er, and evening closed
Above the brave, whose stiffening forms reposed
In the last dreamless sleep, while yet its ray
Hovered above the victims of decay;
By some deep impulse of affection led,
Raïsciac amid the living and the dead,
Sought his preserver's well known form. In vain
He searched in grief and awe th' encumbered plain;
At length, within a church, whose sanctity
Sheltered the wretch who wandered there to die,
By Raïsciac's band, a mangled form was found,
In mailed vesture, breathless on the ground.

The evening light shone forth with lingering smile,
As Raïsciac slowly trod the echoing aisle,
And stood beside the dead! And as he stood
Through the vast window's pictured arch, a flood
Of parting radiance fell, and gave to sight,
Stretched at his feet, the victim of the fight.
And at his nod, for his suspended breath
Refused all utterance, from the face of death,
The vizor was unlaced—the helm removed—
'Twas, as his heart foretold—the child he loved.

He moved not—spoke not—from his lips no cry
Broke, in the bursting spirit's agony.
No!—though the glassy eye, the pallid brow,
Where the last struggle lingered even now—
The clustering hair, whose matted tresses clung
Wet with the blood of life, awoke among
His gathering vassals round, a burst of grief
That could not be supprest,—the aged chief,
Stood there alone unmoved and motionless!
No word escaped his lips—no wild caress—

No murmured love—o'er that devoted head,
Betrayed remorse, or sorrow for the dead.
Yet his dilated eye, and lips comprest,
Spake the bewildering anguish of his breast;
A moment's dark convulsion o'er his brow—
A moment's quivering struggle past below—
And through the silent dome the sudden clang
Of armour clashing on the pavement rang.
Death had been merciful—and brief had been
The last—the fatal close of earth's dark scene;
Those hearts so long estranged, together lay
In the cold helplessness of mortal clay!
And in one grave—all earthly passions past,
The sire and son repose in peace at last.

END OF THE POEM.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) Raïsciac—the haughty Count of Ebérstein—p. 2.

" Les Eberstein, comme les Stauffen, sont une branche des Zähringen. Berthold en 1220, fonda, avec Ida, sa femme, les couvents d'Herrenalb et Frauenalb. En 1356, Eberhard, de Wurtemburg, dévastà le château d'Eberstein."—SCHREIBER.

(2) And where the hearths of Gernsbach send on high—p. 3.

" Cette ville est le chef lieu du Comté d'Eberstein." " De Gernsbach on suit la chaussée de la Murg, jusqu'à une petite colline où est une petite chapelle. Cette chapelle s'appelle le *Klingel*, et attire beaucoup de pélérins. Cet endroit n'étoit encore qu'un desert où un hermite s'étoit fait une cellule. Il étoit raconte-t'-on, souvent éveillé par un chant qui paroissoit venir du voisinage, et une lumière inconnue éclairoit sa demeure. Après bien des recherches, il trouva dans des buissons une image de la Sainte Vierge, et bâtit la chapelle, où cette image existe encore."—SCHREIBER.

(3) The sacred tower, the House of God appears—p. 5.

"The convent of Allerheiligen, situated in one of the most romantic spots of the Black Forest, was founded by Uda of Schauenberg, and confirmed by her heir, Eberhard or Eberstein." The Schwarzwald, or Black Forest, is an extensive tract of land, extending over the mountains from the north of Switzerland, to Pforzheim. Its gloomy woods are almost entirely composed of pines, which attain an incredible size and majesty. It abounds in rivers and torrents, which fall into the Rhine. The mountains are always covered with snow.

"Le Schwarzwald a encore conservé," says Schreiber, "plus qu'aucun lieu de la Germanie, les mœurs et la langue des Teutons."

(4) And the lone cricket chirps, and day-light dies—p. 6.

Melancholisch noch ein heimchen zirpt.—MATTHISON.

(5) By yonder rock, that rises like a throne—p. 7.

The Teufelskanzel, or Devil's Chair, in the valley of the Murg.

(6) Behold the pallid spectre of the past—p. 15.

"Le pâle avenir n'est plus pour moi que le spectre du passé."

MADAME DE STAEL.

(7) In that fierce band, by Guarnieri led—p. 18.

Guarnieri, or, as he was called in Germany, Werner, was the leader of a celebrated band of mercenaries.—See SISMONDI.

(8) It was that fatal year, when summer came—p. 21.

A. D., 1347-8.

(9) Then rose that gentle plaint, whose deathless lay—p. 25.

Laura died of the plague at Avignon, 1348. For a description of the plague at Florence,—See SISMONDI, or the opening of the *Decameron*.

(10) To Lichtenthal, let me direct my weary steps—p. 53.

Lichtenthal and Frauenalb, two convents endowed by the Counts of Eberstein; the latter, their place of sepulture.

(11) Of greenwood feastings by the Mummelsee—p. 70.

The Mummelsee, is a small lake at the entrance of the Black Forest, to which many fictions are attached. It is covered with water lilies; and is supposed by the neighbouring peasants to be inhabited by nymphs.

(12) Tread through the doubtful pass, nor gaze behind—p. 75.

"Se questa speme porto al dubbioso passo."—PETRARCA.

(13) Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears—p. 85.

WORDSWORTH.

"The heart whose softness harmonized the whole."—BYRON.

(14) Against Helvetia's sons, at Albert's call—p. 88.

"Then came Duke Albert of Austria to his palace at Binck. A few days after he assembled all his vassals from the Thurgau, Argau, Landgau, the Black Forest, and Suabia," &c. &c.

(15) E'en in that hour when Tatwyl's shattered wall—p. 91.

"Brun, with 1500 burghers, crossed the Limmat, and advanced towards Tatwyl, where an action took place.—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy.*

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